The Bystander, December 1, 1920. No. 887. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

"THE LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER"

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45.
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DALY'S. (Ger. 201). JOSÉ COLLINS in
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Mark Lester and Full Cast.
Every Evening at 8. Matinées, Tues. & Sats., at 2.15.

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E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play.
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ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
Every Evening at 8.30.
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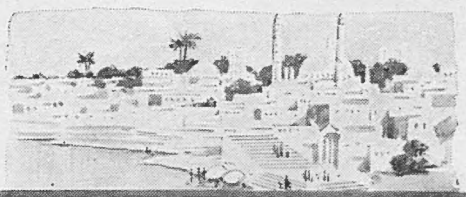

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EDITORIAL APPOINTMENT

THE first student who enrolled for the London School of Journalism's Course in Practical Journalism has just been appointed Editor of a very well-known weekly.

"This position," he says, "I should never have attained but for your Course."

Amongst the many brilliant successes achieved in Journalism and Story Writing by students of the London School of Journalism, the above is especially remarkable as the student in question was the *first* enrolled by the School. It supplies a very striking endorsement of the thoroughness of the tuition offered by the London School of Journalism, which is under the direction of Mr. Max Pemberton, and enjoys most distinguished patronage.

The contributors to the Courses include:—

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, M.A. ("Q"), Mr. Harold Child, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, Mr. Newman Flower, Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, Mr. Pett Ridge, The late Mr. Charles Garvice, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, Mr. S. J. Pryor, Mr. Charles Spenser Sarle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Alexander Campbell, Miss Mary Billington.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Passing Knells

I saw the funeral of Mr. MacSwiney pass through London on its way to Ireland: I also saw the funeral of nine officers murdered by Mr. MacSwiney's sympathisers pass through London on the way from Ireland; and on each occasion the attitude of Londoners has been one of profound respect, quite devoid of the passions which sent these ten men to their graves. This attitude of the man in the London street, so different from that of the man in Parliament is, I think, typical of the plain man throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland.

The Irishman Against Himself

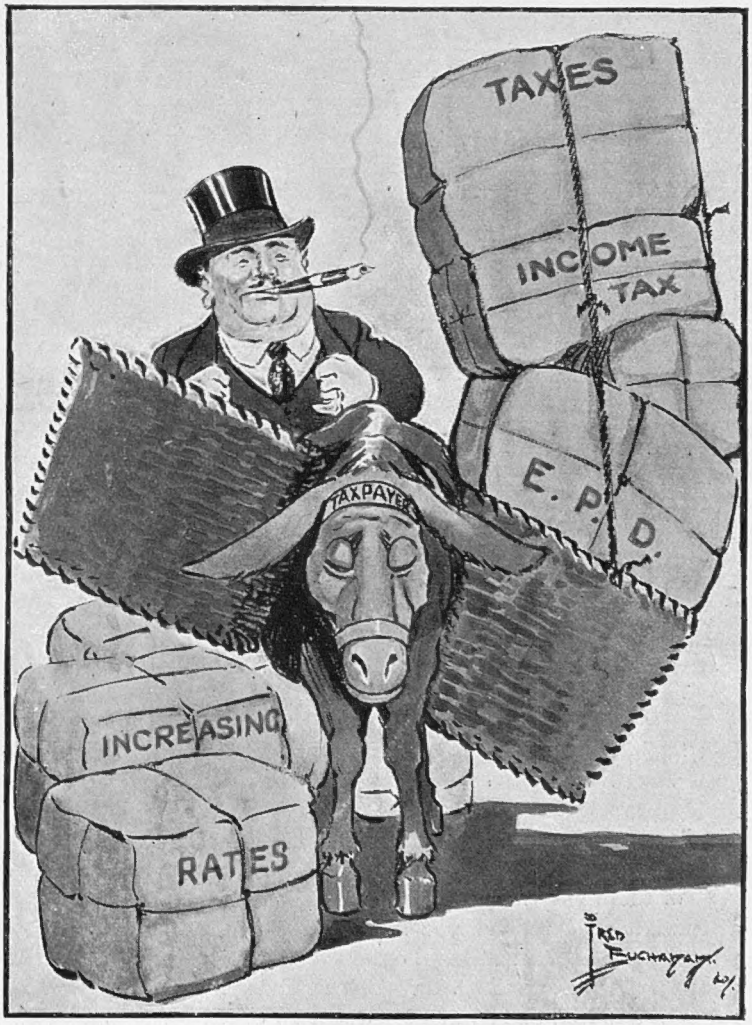
All the old passion aroused in Gladstonian times has faded away. The plain man on this side of St. George's Channel is so amazed by the scene in Ireland that he is numbed to the point of apparent indifference. He sees in the tragedy less of a struggle between Great Britain and Ireland than a feud between two sections of Irishmen themselves, and he cannot understand it, least of all after the Great War, any more than Old Caspar could understand the battle of Blenheim. Foreigners find it hard to comprehend this; but it is so. Never did the professional politicians less represent the great body of public opinion. Unhappily, the outside world judges us only by the politicians.

Pity the Poor Player

The mistaken statement that Grossmith and Laurillard are taking seven of their companies "off the road" owing to the high cost of production and transport, while astonishing to the public would hardly have surprised provincial actors. The strolling player has been having a very thin time for many a month. First, it was the difficulty of getting lodgings, caused by the general house famine, and when he or she got them the cost was exorbitant. Then came the enormous railway rates on the managers, and the withdrawal of facilities for a company to travel in special compartments, where the tedium of the journey could be reduced by good fellowship. And now unemployment stares hundreds of them in the face. But for the general public there may be compensation, for the trouble over rolling stock will hasten the revival of the stock company—or repertory theatre—which has been the growing ideal of the big provincial towns for some years. Miss Horniman and others have shown that the repertory theatre can produce fine plays.

"Down With D.O.R.A.!"

There are several economies that might be effected in the Law Courts with advantage to everybody. D.O.R.A., for example, is probably still quite useful in dealing with some things, such as the doings of hostile aliens and seditious subjects. But why should it still interfere with all of us peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and, by reason of occupying the time of our police, our magistrates, and our judges and juries, cost us a lot of money in doing so? Why should a magistrate the other day be forced to regret having to fine two young fellows for the heinous offence of selling brooms after 9 p.m.? I pretend to no knowledge of the drama, but if its devotees find chocolate absolutely necessary to sustain or inspire them in the shrine, why on earth may they not purchase it on the spot? Why should people be able to buy cigarettes all day

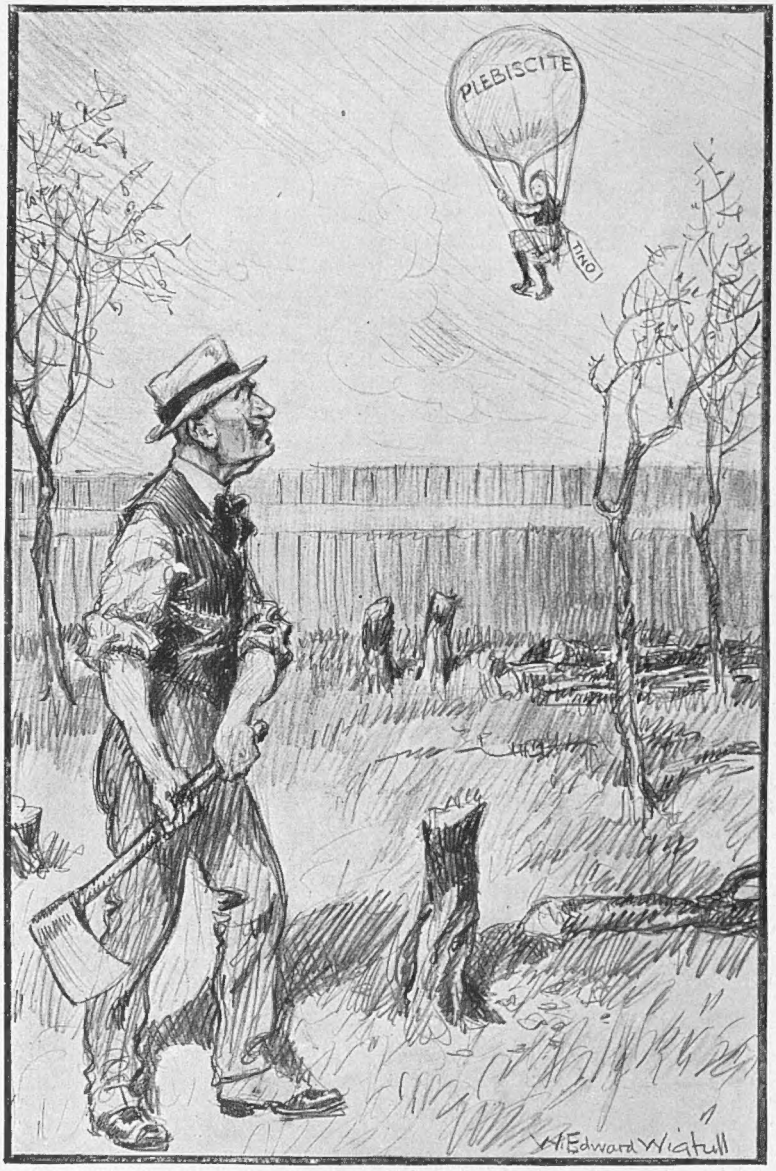


A QUESTION OF BALANCE By Fred Buchanan

The Local Councillor: "I'm sure he'll feel more comfortable if I load this lot on the other side"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

long when, normally, they ought to be at work, but be forbidden to buy their modest gaspers after 8 p.m., when their day's work is over? All this sort of thing may have been necessary to win the War, but it does not seem likely to be of great value in winning the peace. Parts of D.O.R.A. are dead and should be buried. I refrain from any reference as to its dictates upon the precise hour when people should have a thirst and its playful way of teaching folk to drink bad whisky because they cannot get good beer.



STILL UNHUNG! By W. E. Wigfull

The Ex-Kaiser: "That's fine; I shall have to get one of them"

Cloak-Room Checks

The other night I went to dine as a guest at one of those very large clubs where the cloak-room attendants used to give you a numbered check for your coat and hat. These checks seem to have disappeared during the War. The attendant took my coat and hat, and as he hung them up called my attention to the corner in which the peg was situated. When I left a few hours later he evidently had no recollection of me or the location of my property, which I found, and with which he helped me on with all due politeness. It made me think of the nigger porter at Young's Hotel, in Boston, twenty-five years ago. Young's was then the biggest and busiest hotel in Boston. This nigger used no checks. He took in hats, coats, sticks, and umbrellas all day, and always handed out the right things to the right man. Not even in the busiest of rush hours was he ever known to make a mistake. A stranger who had heard of this said to him one day, "Now, how do you know that this is my hat and coat?" "I *don't* know," said the nigger, "but it's de hat and coat you gave me when you come in." It was.

"News"

We need no longer wonder why Bolshevist Russia is so ignorant of the state of affairs in this country. Mrs. Sheridan, sculptress and cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, says that when she asked Lenin for news of England he gave her "the three latest *Daily Heralds* he had."

"Three Acres and a Cow"

I suppose every obituary notice of the late Jesse Collings contained some reference to the famous "three acres and a cow," generally in a humourous kind of way. People seem to have forgotten how with this, I believe, more or less casual phrase in a speech he fired the imagination of the agricultural labourer—an imagination notoriously difficult to kindle. I can remember vaguely as a very small boy the "three acres and a cow" general election, for in our very agricultural and remote district that was the one important thing. It may sound like a joke, but it is a solemn fact that agricultural labourers in that part turned up at the polling stations carrying halters with which to lead the cow home.

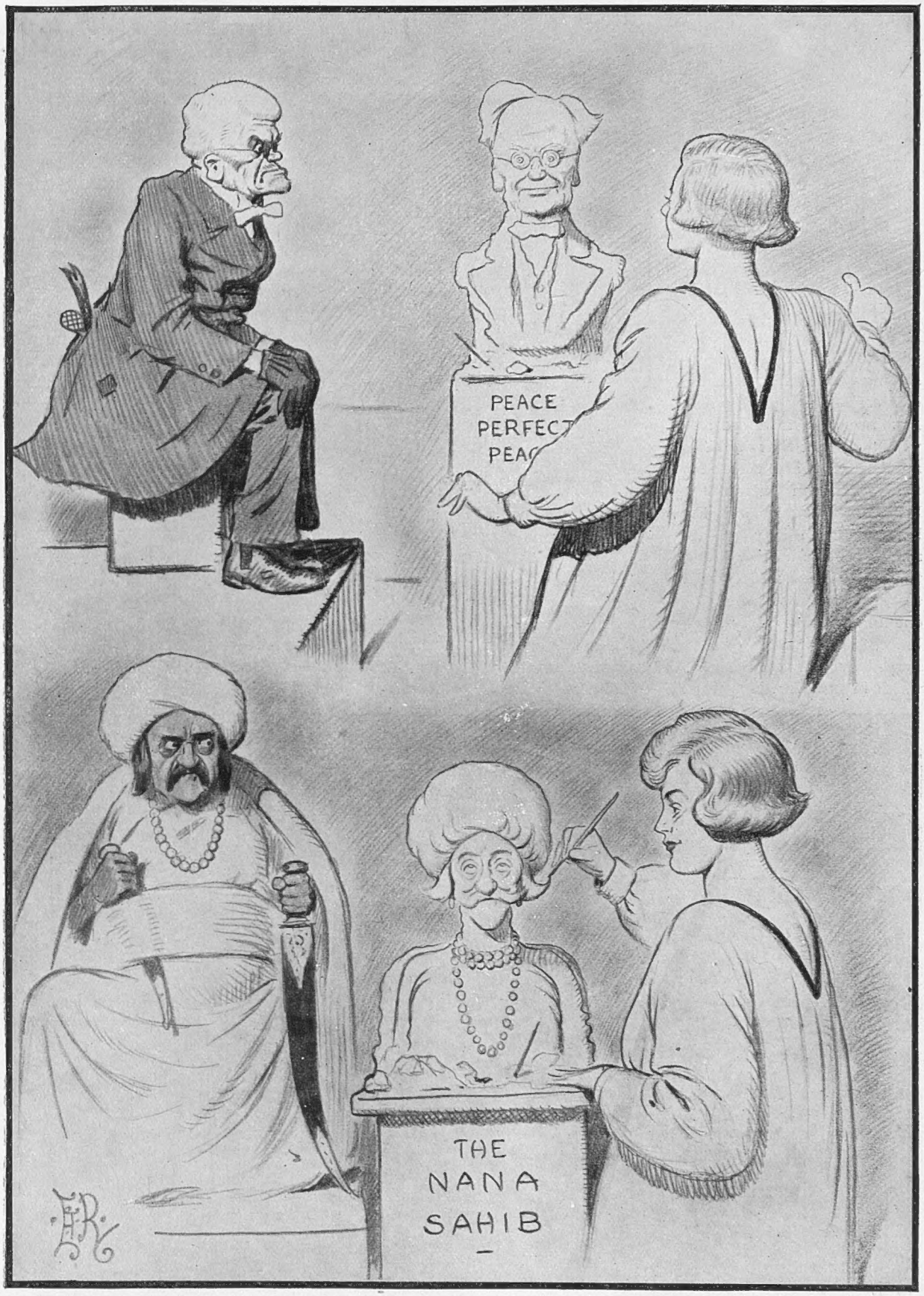
Rus in Urbe—at South Kensington

If any busy Londoner wishes to secure at small expense and in a very short space of time the illusion of being for a few moments in the depths of the country, it is quite easy. Nothing, to my mind, is more typical of the country than one of its wayside stations. The train runs in and stops. A passenger may alight; another may enter. The train stands silent for no apparent reason. One would think it might just as well be getting on with its journey. Not suddenly, but in a gentle kind of way, the hush

(Continued on page 614)

Why Only Lenin and Trotsky?

OUR NEW VALHALLA FOR MISCREANTS



BY E. T. REED

Why not a complete collection of nice, sugary little busts of the world's most bloodthirsty criminals. Modelled in the best "correspondence-school," nursery-Epstein manner

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

is broken by a whistle. A door slams, Then the train pulls itself together again and proceeds. All this happens quite often on the District Railway at South Kensington Station. It is not so with every train, but of late I have frequently experienced this touch of the real country station there.

Differences

I HEAR on all sides the big differences in covert-shooting. In some places the day's bag is less than half of what it used to be. Only here and there has it been possible to carry out preserving on anything like the old scale—very few people have been able to afford it—with the result that the birds are both few and wild. No real sportsman minds the latter circumstance, but the long waits in between are apt to become boring. At a three-days' shoot last week six guns only accounted for one hundred and thirty-three brace, which works out at seven brace per gun a day! And this was a shooting which in pre-War days was rather famous.

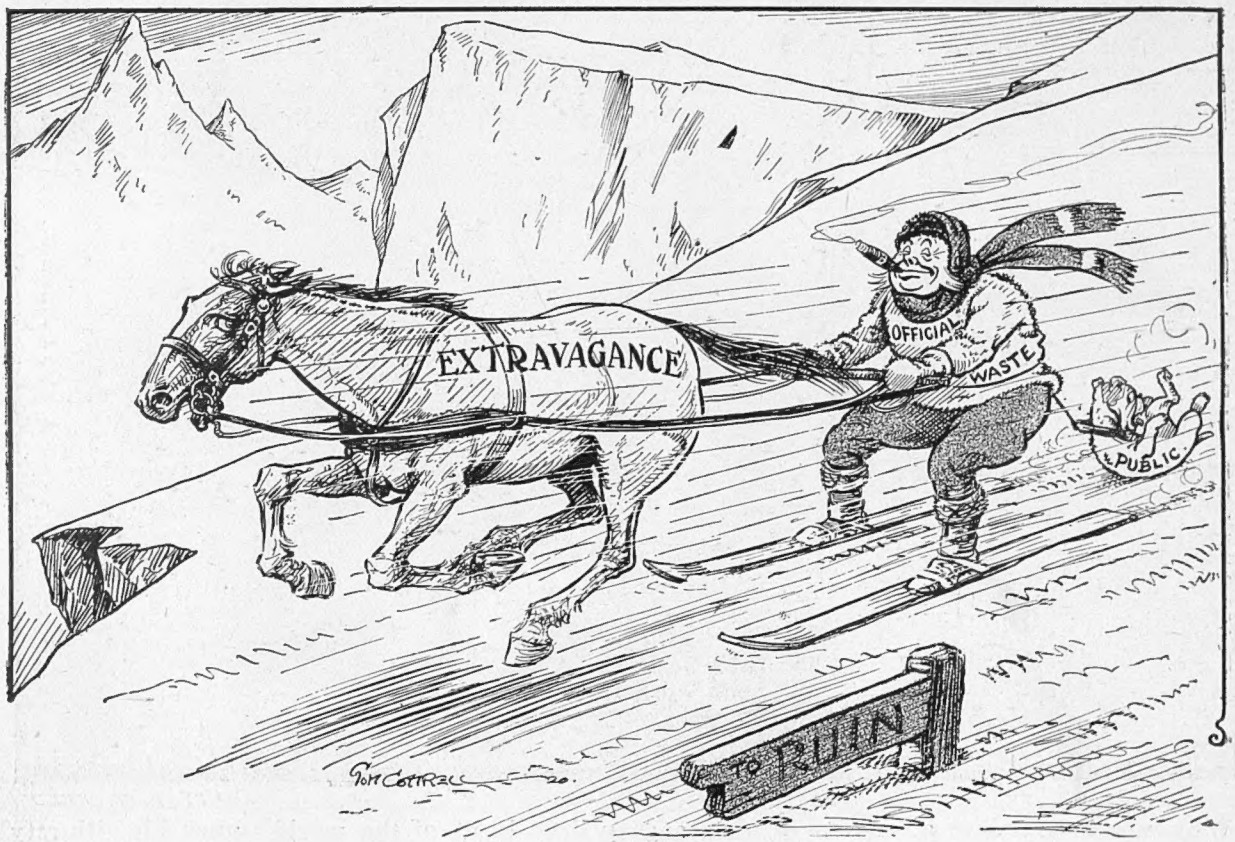
By Alfred Leete

THE FIRST ORDER

Hunts and Clubs

SOME of the hunts—especially the smaller ones—I hear, too, are being thinly followed, and there is a question as to one or two of them being able to carry on through the season. Even the bigger hunts are feeling the difference, many of the houses from which people hunted regularly season after season being either closed, or sold or let.

In London some of the clubs are likewise "feeling the breeze." There is talk of reconstruction at the Isthmian, and things are not at all easy at a well-known club in St. James's Square. Have you noticed that no new clubs are being started—at least, of the kind that have houses and upkeep to provide? The fact is that everybody of moderate income is being forced by prices and taxation to cut everything to provide the bed-rock expense of living. Peers are even taking to recommending their sisters-in-law "for the charge of two or three little girls"—*vide* Lord Latymer's advertisement in the *Times*.



WINTER SPORTS

By Tom Cottrell

London and Dublin Unite

IN MOURNING THE GALLANT VICTIMS OF SINN FEIN

Photograph] A HUGE CROWD IN DUBLIN WITH HATS REMOVED *[Central News*

Watches the funeral procession passing over the O'Connell Bridge

Photograph] ONE OF THE NINE GUN CARRIAGES ON THE WAY TO WESTMINSTER *[Central Press*

A scene during last week's funeral procession in London in honour of nine dead officers who were murdered by Sinn Fein gangs in Dublin. Members of the R.I.C. and mourners are seen following the coffin

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Novel-Plots Whilst You Wait

If ever the inner history of what are called "high politics" in the Near East is written, the world will realise the cleverness of the Queen of Roumania. At one moment the matrimonial possibilities of her eldest son and daughter seemed in the first case to be ended, and in the second very much obscured. The Roumanian Crown Prince made a love-marriage—one of those hasty crowns-well-lost-for-love affairs indulged in from time to time by foreign Royalties. He vowed he would rather renounce the succession to the throne than renounce his commoner-bride. But parental persuasion prevailed, and the marriage was dissolved for "dynastic reasons," and the young Prince was sent on a tour round the world.

Meanwhile the Queen of Roumania made a *démarche*. She paid a visit to England. So little secret was made of the object of the visit that one does not enter the gateways of indiscretion in saying that it most nearly concerned the future of her eldest daughter. Whatever may have been said or may not have been said, Queen Marie's *pourparlers* were not sympathetically received at the English Court, and she returned to Bucharest with the knowledge that diplomacy is useless when Barkis isn't willing.

Photograph *Central News*

THE COMTE DE ST. AULAIRE
Who is to succeed M. Cambon as French Ambassador in London. A fine new portrait, which has just been received

The Mother's Duty

The dissolving of her son's love-marriage added yet another care to Queen Marie's ambitions. We must be fair. It is a mother's duty to do her best for her children. If the Royal protocol that only Royalty may mate with Royalty is the law in a reigning house it must be followed. Queen Marie was, therefore, faced with a double difficulty—to find a princess for

Photograph] **THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AND HIS WIFE—LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON** *[Topical*

Lord Willingdon, it is announced, has just been appointed Viceroy of India. Lord Willingdon has been Governor of Madras since 1919, and prior to that year was Governor of Bombay from 1912

Photograph *Russell, London*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF NORWAY

Taken last week at Sandringham, where she is staying on a visit to King George and Queen Mary. The photograph was specially taken as a "birthday" portrait, for Queen Maud celebrated her fifty-first birthday on November 26

her son; a prince for her daughter. Germany and Russia, which in pre-War days would have provided an embarrassment of choice, exist no longer as supplies for Royal matings. Austria, the same. Then there was the question of religion. The Greek Royal family, of all the Royal houses left in Europe, belong to the same faith as the Roumanians. Perhaps this question first directed the thoughts of this astute mother to the eldest son of her Greek relations in exile at Lucerne for her daughter. Perhaps she thought (she may have had reason to believe) that the power of Venizelos would not last indefinitely. However, the marriage was arranged. A monkey's bite brought about the fall of Venizelos, and immediately following the consequent rumours of King Constantine's return to Athens came the announcement of the engagement of the Roumanian Crown Prince to Constantine's daughter! And Queen Marie has made no secret that she herself brought the arrangement to pass.

But it all goes much deeper than merely matrimonial arrangements. Bulgaria and Jugo-Slovakia lie between Roumania and Greece. With a closely allied Bucharest and

Photograph *Bassano*

WIFE OF THE DANISH MINISTER

Madame de Grevenkop-Castonskiold, who is now in London, and has recently been entertaining at the Danish Embassy. She was married in October, and was formerly the Countess Elizabeth Laurvig

Photograph THE HON. MRS. JOHN RUSSELL [*E. O. Hoppé*

Wife of Lord Ampthill's eldest son and heir, and daughter of the late Colonel John Hart, who is starting a dressmaking salon at 1, Curzon Street, for which she will do the designing

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE—(concluded)

Athens occasion may easily arise when these countries may find themselves between the upper mill-stone of Roumania and the nether mill-stone of Greece. As I have said, Queen Marie is an extremely astute woman. She is also more far-seeing than any of the Allies' plenipotentiaries at Versailles. But isn't it all like a story of William Le Queux ?

Russia—a Rumpus—and a Family

THE visit of a certain lady to Russia has caused those signs of rage and fury called a "rumpus" in a certain family. When all is said and done, if you are in a high position in the Government you do expect your feminine belongings to have a regard for that position, however "democratic" they consider themselves to be, so the family indignation is, therefore, only natural.

The Fate of Some Russians

NOTHING can be sadder than the plight of many of the Russian nobility. I hear from a friend at Nice that a large number of them have taken refuge there.

Photograph *Speaight*

LADY VIOLET ASTOR

Wife of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, who has recently given birth to a son. She was formerly Lady Violet Elliot, and is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Minto

Photograph *G. P. U.*

PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, OPENS A CHURCH ARMY SALE OF WORK

Her Royal Highness is here seen at the Central Hall, Westminster, buying from Mrs. Horsbrugh some Eros Roseleaf petals, which are being made by ex-service men to take the place of confetti for use at weddings. On the Princess's left is Prebendary Carlile

The Wedding of the Week

Photograph *L.N.A.*

CAPTAIN FREDERICK PELHAM-CLINTON AND HIS BRIDE

Miss Dorothy Carlon, who were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. Captain Pelham-Clinton is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pelham-Clinton. Mr. Henry Pelham-Clinton is a cousin of the Duke of Newcastle

To Ensure Receipt!

BY WILL OWEN

SHE: "I think it's so silly throwing kisses—don't you?"
HE: "Rather, by Jove! I prefer to deliver the goods!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 29.

DEAR COUSIN—

PLENTY of variety anyway in people's ideas about what's going to happen to us in England now. Which of our counsellors *are* we to listen to? After the arch-optimist, the super-pessimist. Hardly stopped cheering ourselves up and patting ourselves on the back because of Mr. Lloyd George telling us that everything's coming right and the clouds rolling away, etc., etc., when the celebrated Gloomy Dean chips in with one of his absolutely gloomiest efforts yet.

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THE prospect for the immediate future (says he, brightly) is as black as it could possibly be. We are breeding from our worst stocks, and our best are being squeezed out of existence. . . Nineteenth century England was a going concern; post-War England is a gone concern. . . . The goose that laid the golden eggs is having its throat cut. . . The whole nation is behaving as if we had come into a huge fortune by the War. . . . We vote and spend money in utter recklessness. . . . The country will be very poor, and to a large extent barbarized. . .

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DOESN'T see a crumb of comfort ahead for his own class, the Dean doesn't, and fears that "many of the best families will inevitably disappear from the face of the earth." While the Rev. F. B. Meyer, not to be outdone or done out of his place among the prophets, sadly sighs that "the upper classes of our time" seem to be standing on a very slippery slope.

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ALL very confusing, isn't it, and as I said before, however are we to decide which of 'em to believe? Really all depends on what we're feeling like at the moment, what? I mean, if it's one of those real winter mornings that have been sprung on us lately, with heavy mists hiding the sun and most other things, and a chill in the air that finds its way through the warmest furs, and a general atmosphere of bleakness and dreariness and gloom—well, me for the pessimist point of view every time.

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BUT when the sun's really properly shining in his heaven, and it's the right kind of postbag and you're going out to lunch with something nice and to dine and dance with another of the same kind—very hard to believe, whatever anyone may say, that all isn't absolutely entirely and toppingly right with the world. Means so much, the sun does, in the way of moods, and we have to do without him so often in this dear but coolish land of ours—as one's so forcibly reminded in that really rather wonderful Spanish Exhibition at Burlington House that everyone's been or going to.

"Rome instead of Blackpool"

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SEEM to light up even the foggiest day in the galleries, those great splashes and spaces of brilliant colouring, those staring crimsons and blues and oranges and purples and golds and greens which give one such a vivid idea of the rich radiance of sunny Spain. Rather the fashion, you know, to spurn the modern Spanish paintings at B. H., and pass them by because of the wonderful old Goyas and El Grecos and Murillos and Velasquez and the rest. But in their way, after all, they *are* more alive and of the moment.

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WONDERFUL work in some of them, as, for instance, Zuloaga's Sargent-like portraits. And simply fearfully intriguing glimpses everywhere of that becoming (to Spanish women, anyway) comb and mantilla fashion, with a rose or two at the ear, or even, like in Astruc's picture of the dancing girl, bright scarlet flowers poised on the high comb itself. Afraid, though, it's a style that doesn't suit us over

here quite so well, spite of the efforts that *have* been made to graft on us, as the latest *furore*, the modes and adornments of the Sunny South.

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WHICH, after all, can be studied now in their own proper homes, without making one feel at all recklessly extravagant about it. Quite the contrary, in fact, these topsy-turvy days—when travelling's so dear at home and so cheap abroad that soon, I expect, *habitués* of Margate will start holiday-making at Madrid, and trippers take their annual excursion to Rome instead of Blackpool for just the same price, or thereabouts. Very likely save on it, indeed, in Italy, anyway, with the rate of exchange what it is—*and* get sunshine thrown in.

"Starting to think out lists of Christmas shopping"

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ALL the same, spite of everything—sunshine *v.* fogs, colour *v.* drabness, and the rest of the fascinations of foreign climes—odd how always, sooner or later, and generally sooner, something, some longing for things loved, familiar, illogically, but irresistibly, draws one . . . home. As John Drinkwater sings in *Reality*:

> It is strange how we travel the wide world over,
> And see great churches and foreign streets,
> And armies afoot and kings of wonder,
> And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets
> That grave historians will pen
> To ferment the brains of simple men.
>
> And all the time the heart remembers
> The quiet habit of one far place,
> The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,
> The glance of a dear familiar face,
> And there is the true cosmopolis,
> While the thronging world a phantom is.

卐 卐

NO need, really, for us who stay at home to repine, in spite of all the seductive charms of Cannes and Mentone, which, they say, are going to be fuller this season than ever before (only they always do say that), or Bordighera or Rapallo, or Rome or Naples, or even that lovely paradise of the winterer abroad—Sicily. Where, by the way, in that lovely and most perfect Greek theatre of ancient Syracuse, soon they're to have a "repertory" season of the old Greek tragedies, played as they were over two thousand years ago in the self-same spot, so long deserted by all but the tourists and the lizards that bask always in the sun-baked semi-circles of arched stone seats.

"At the Cri—where the band has a way of taking a stroll among the tables"

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NOT sure—anyway, best to think *and* say so, isn't it?—that we aren't really better off here, right on the threshold, so to speak, of December's wintry joys (b-rrr!), and already starting to think out our lists of Christmas presents and things. So much more bracing, what? And if the days are short and the evenings long, there's plenty of ways to kill the hours of darkness from their very first go-off, including the

Continued on page 624

A Birthday Portrait

OF HER MAJESTY, THE EMPIRE'S QUEEN MOTHER

Photograph *Russell and Sons, London*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Taken at Sandringham recently. Queen Alexandra to-day celebrates her seventy-sixth birthday. Despite her years, Her Majesty still retains her wonderfully youthful appearance

"IN ENGLAND NOW!" (*concluded*)

dance-teas that are starting again at so many places. At the charming Cri. roof garden, for instance (where the band has a way sometimes of taking a stroll among the tables), and the Hyde Park Hotel, where *mannequin* parades are part of the show, and other select spots where you can very pleasantly spend the time (if you've got it) till the moment arrives to prepare to dine. . . . and perhaps dance again.

卐 卐

THE time—and, of course, the money. Which last appears to be getting scarcer and scarcer just now, except in the pockets of the kind of New Rich who always over-tip waiters and caddies—and so incidentally send up prices for the less favoured rest of us. Yet while the pleasure shows increase and their prices get higher, always somehow from somewhere the people *and* the necessary Fishers seem to be forthcoming at everyone. Perfect modern miracle, isn't it? Or—well, I wonder if there's, anyway, *something* in the Gloomy Dean's gloomy utterances after all?

With love, yours ever,

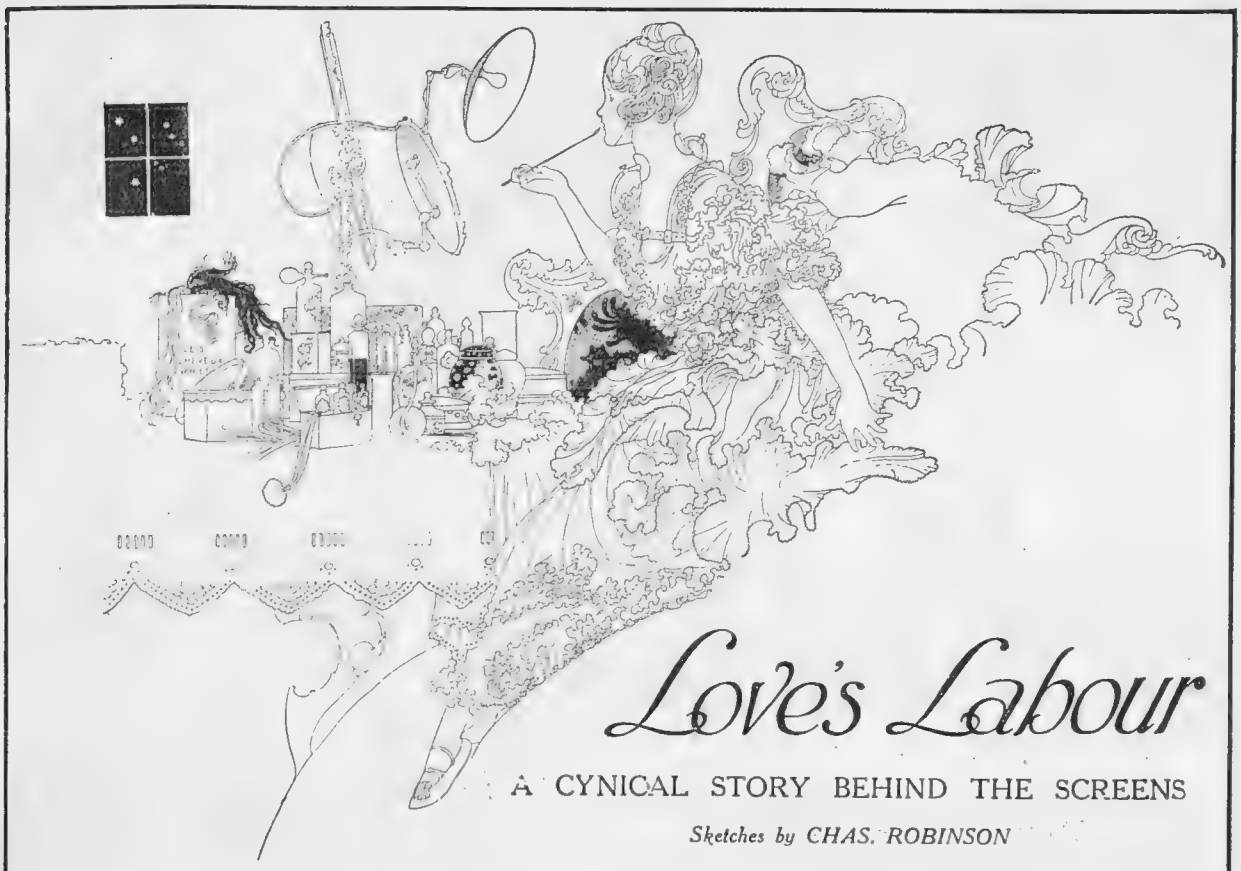
BLANCHETTE.

"The New Rich who always over-tip waiters and caddies"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

HICKSOGRAPHS—No. III. "THE SKIN GAME"

A great fight to a finish, Aristocrat v. Democrat, as exciting as a Cochran contest. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower a (very) heavy-weight puts up a strong opposition, but is counted out in the last act



Love's Labour

A CYNICAL STORY BEHIND THE SCENES

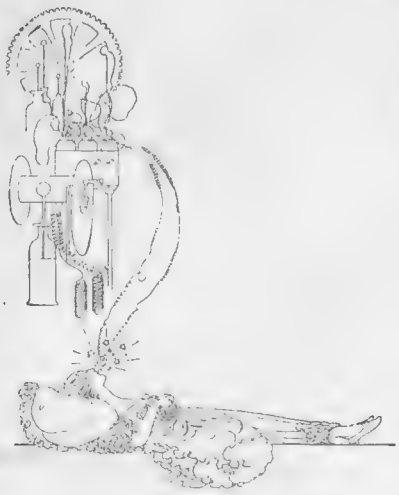
Sketches by CHAS. ROBINSON

I.

A carmine pigment veils her lips
A weird machine "corrects" her throat:

II.

An expert tends her finger-tips
(For every hour a one-pound note):



III.

A whirring thing of wires and wheels
Bestows mechanical caresses.

IV.

And while she sleeps the curler seals
The "waves" upon her weary tresses.

(*Continued on next page*)

"LOVE'S LABOUR" (*concluded*)

V

By night young Cupids
fear to kiss
The face in bandages
encased:

VIII.

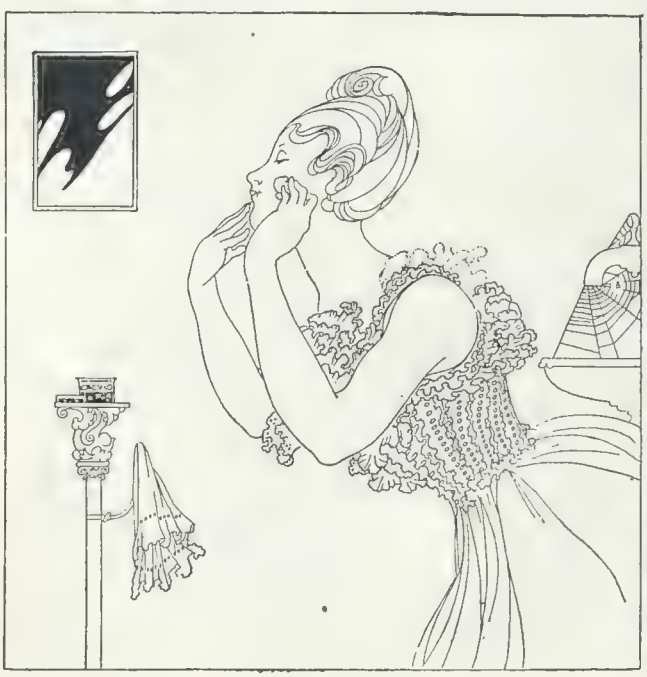
Nor torture may her foot
escape—
—Too large though clad
in silken hose.

VI

By day her maids assist their mis:
To fashion, *à la mode*, her waist.

VII.

The painful pincers must reshape
Nature's fair notion of a nose,



IX.

Creams, powders, puffs, and paints replace
The long forgotten soap and water

X.

Until, perfect of form and face
At last she's hailed true Venus' daughter.
(Her Wedding Bells ring out to-day:
"Love's Labour Lost" they seem to say.)

A. B. H.

The Shock of the Sock!

BY ALFRED LEETE

SHOPPER *(looking at socks)*: "Aren't they rather loud?"

SHOP ASSISTANT: "Yes, sir. They are specially made for people whose feet are in the habit of going to sleep!"

"IF—

IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FEET WHEN ALL ABOUT YOU
ARE LOSING THEIRS AND BLAMING IT ON YOU;

IF YOU CAN TRUST YOURSELF WHEN ALL MEN DOUBT YOU,
BUT MAKE ALLOWANCE FOR THEIR DOUBTING TOO;

IF YOU CAN WAIT AND NOT BE TIRED BY WAITING,
OR BEING SHIED ABOUT, DON'T DEAL IN SIZE,

IF YOU CAN MAKE ONE HEAP OF ALL YOUR STEPPINGS
AND RISK IT ON ONE TURN OF PITCH-AND-TOSS,
AND LOSE, AND START AGAIN AT YOUR BEGINNINGS
AND NEVER BREATHE A WORD ABOUT HER SAUCE,

IF YOU CAN FORCE YOUR HEART AND NERVE AND SINEW
TO SERVE YOUR TURN LONG AFTER THEY ARE GONE,
AND SO HOLD ON WHEN THERE IS NOTHING IN YOU
EXCEPT THE WILL WHICH SAYS TO THEM: "HOLD ON!"

IF YOU CAN FILL THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE
WITH SIXTY SECONDS' WORTH OF DISTANCE RUN,
YOURS IS THE EARTH AND EVERYTHING THAT'S IN IT,
AND — WHICH IS MORE — YOU'LL DANCE — MY SON.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR RUDYARD KIPLING. HOWARD K. '20.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

—You Would Dance!"

A DIAGNOSIS DETHRONED

BY DELL LEIGH

"JIM, dear, I do beg of you to have advice, proper advice, about your condition. There may be nothing really wrong, but after what Dr. Hunter told you, and told me, it's positively wicked of you to ignore it, it is, really."

She leant on the edge of the mantelpiece and gazed down at her husband with an anxiety only half concealed.

James Anderson folded the *Financial Times* carefully and yawned.

"What he told you! And what did he tell you, my dear?" he asked, cautiously.

"That he wasn't happy about your heart, and the symptoms generally. That, although he did not think the trouble deep-seated, still, in a man of your age, and with what he termed your vast responsibilities' (I presume he included me!), he would be happier if you had another opinion. And look at you to-day. You have no right to be as tired as this after that long holiday in Scotland."

"No-o-o, pr'aps not. But I've had a heavy board meeting to-day. We had all the American directors over, y'know, about the oil flotations."

"Yes, dear, I daresay, and they all smoke cigars with the windows shut. But you *will* be sensible, won't you, darling? Gracious! I shall be awfully late for the show. Go to bed early—promise?" She kissed him tenderly.

Anderson, alone in the quiet library, stuck his feet out towards the pine logs, and lit a cigar with grave deliberation.

Yes, he did not like this heart-thumping business, either. And to-day, when the liftman overshot the mark and jerked back to the second floor, he had suddenly lost his breath and felt momentarily sick. Odd. Never had a day's illness. But he couldn't walk from one grouse stand to another now—h'm! Something must be done, he supposed. There *were* too many interests at stake. Hunter was right, if he took his sure fingers off the pulse of the market just at present, with all this unrest; no, that wouldn't do. James Anderson, the financier, who was worth several millions, could not afford to be ill. Not just now. Very well, he would go. If only to satisfy her. This, he tried to persuade himself, was the chief reason. But into the distance of his mental horizon there had crept fear. It had appeared, quite suddenly and unaccountably, a small cloud, like a man's hand.

. . . . .

A grave butler took his hat in the hall. There was a deadly business-like quietness about the house that Anderson did not at all like. He felt that this cynical butler took hats from rather frightened men all day long with the same vapid expression. And the woman in hospital nurse's uniform, who flitted out of a door at the other end of the marble corridor, took cloaks from women. She, too, had a dreadfully efficient face. Anderson, and the likes of him, he felt, were to these two not men and women, but automata merely, patients, cyphers in the business of the day. He pulled at his waistcoat nervously as he entered the large waiting-room. There was a grey-faced man with a bright flush on both cheeks sitting in a deep leather chair. Death seemed to be written all over him. Anderson pulled last week's *Punch* from the table, and held it before him, upside down.

Sir Thomas Finch, the heart specialist, made some careful entries in a morocco leather book in a spidery hand, and smiled reflectively over the last patient. These fat, over-corseted women didn't give their hearts a chance, or their digestions, either. Still, they were good revenue, very good. Who was the next? Anderson? James Anderson? He seemed to know the name. Of course, the big City man. Very rich and influential, they said. Good. He pressed a bell, and nodded curtly at the footman.

"Good morning. Sit down, won't you? Now let me see; you haven't been to me before, have you? No."

There was a calm dignity about this room, an atmosphere of unquestioned authority and highly specialised knowledge, which caused Anderson to cross and uncross his legs twice, while the little, wizened man at the table wrote down his name, address, age, date of marriage, and number of children. The thick Turkey carpet; the huge mahogany writing-table with leather-bound books in a sloping rack; the screen in the far corner, leather, studded with a multitude of copper nails; the gilt clock with staccato ticks on the mantelpiece; the big sofa; the white-tiled fireplace, all this *mise-en-scène*, harmless and thoroughly orthodox, had an immediate and very disquieting effect upon Anderson. He felt cold in the wrists and ankles. His heart began to thump. It was thumping very badly. There was something dreadfully wrong with it. Sir Thomas Finch knew it. Else why did he look so grave? Why was everything so quiet?

Then began the crisp, stereotyped questioning, followed by more entries in the leather-bound book and more piercing glances through spectacles.

And the clock ticked on remorselessly.

Anderson found himself answering the questions hurriedly, and clearing huskiness from his throat each time.

"Yes, to the waist, please, nothing like a thorough sounding."

The little inquisitive taps with the knuckle on the back of the two cool fingers seemed to echo right through him. He had never realised before how hollow and thin he was.

"Did it hurt him to take deep breaths on *that* side?"

Yes, he fancied it did. But he had never noticed this before.

"H-m. H-m." Yes, he could dress now, thank'e.

Anderson enquired tentatively in a strained voice. He was very scared now.

"Ye-es, I'm afraid it's valvular. You say you are forty-eight—

A DIAGNOSIS DETHRONED (concluded)

h-m. You must be very careful; very careful indeed. Got a lift in your house? Good. Oh! some little time if you take care. But, as I say, Mr. Anderson, valvular disease of the heart can't be *cured* in a man of your age. It would be wrong of me to say otherwise." And he turned to the table to write a prescription.

The patient dressed slowly, watching the great man at the writing-table. He was struggling with a collar, and stopped suddenly with his hands to his chin. Light broke upon him.

"I say, doctor, I've been puzzling over you, and now I've got it. You're Finch, good Lord, of *course!*"

"Yes." The doctor glanced up enquiringly.

"But, damn it, you were at Rugby with me."

"I was at Rugby, certainly, but I don't——"

"You're *Finch*, of Slade's House. Stink-Finger Finch we used to call you, because you were always messing about in the Lab.; well, I'm damned!" He sat down abruptly and began to laugh. His confidence returned at once, and with it an immediate distrust of the doctor's judgment. There was no longer anything about this room to inspire awe, since it was inhabited by Finch, of Slade's, the dirty little brute in the Lower Fifth. His mind jerked back over the years to the school chapel again in the early morning, and fags struggling, late and dishevelled, round the closing doors, "shove in, shove out"—oh, no! this was *too* much. He laughed again boisterously. A wry smile passed over the specialist's face as he crossed rather hurriedly to the fireplace.

"I'm afraid I don't remember," he began, stiffly.

"Rot," chuckled Anderson, "it's you all right. Why, we were both tried for the Fifteen at the same time, you as scrum half, only you were a bit slow—remember?"

"Ye-es, that is so," admitted the spectacled man, reluctantly, as old memories returned to him.

"'Pon my soul, I can't imagine *you* knowing anything about people's hearts. How did you come to mug it all up, eh?"

The doctor drew himself up and frowned.

Anderson noticed the acid manner that had suddenly enveloped the specialist and the meaning glance at his coat and waistcoat lying on a chair.

He apologised hastily. "Oh! awfully good of you to spend all this time over me, I'm sure. Five, did you say? Thanks very much. Well, good-bye, awfully odd meeting you again after all these years."

And on the doorstep he chuckled again. He couldn't get over it. Perfect rot, the whole thing. How could the opinion of a proverbially silly ass like Finch be the slightest use? He always was the complete fool. What did he know about people's "cardiac functions" and "defective actions"? Bunkum!

Oh! no, he was all right. No good going by the diagnosis of Stink-Finger-Finch—preposterous! . . .

The doctor watched him from the window as he walked down Harley Street, and smiled ironically.

"That man can't live six months," he mused, "and he doesn't believe me. Well, it's his funeral, not mine. Let's see, who's the next?"

He pressed the bell again.

By Seymour Hurley

SANTA CLAUS: "I wish I had one for everybody"

Things That Never Happen

WILL OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. II.—Sir Harry Lauder withdraws his "Siller" from the Bank and bestows it on the Sardines in the Serpentine

Dumping Deutschers

BY THE BUY-STANDER IN BERLIN

PRUSSLAND is preparing a colossal DUMP of cheap and safty articles. The anti-DUMP debates in Britain's fearful Parliament have good cause. Some of the articles will go to cheapness-thirsting England; but more of them will go to Sweden, to Switzerland, to torrid South America; and they will beat British articles. The B.-in-B. is no screaming alarmist; but he must tell the—for Germans—pleasant truth. Germany is brewing a terrific export boom. Germany is working far cheaper than England; Germany is (just now) striking less; and—main factor—the vicissitudinous Reichsmark, whose quotation of 280 to the Brutal Brad. makes it worth a penny, has planned to take vengeance on the Victors, who brought it to that stage, by spoiling their Trade.

MAGIC is the Business transformation. In the summer, Germany sold nothing to foreigners. There was not an alien Buy-Stander in Bad Berlin. This week when the B.-in-B. dropped in at the Adlon, Esplanade, Kaiserhof, and other cheapish inns where bargain-hunting aliens horde, he heard a murmurous buzz of Dutch "Mynheers," Scandinavian "Jasos," Spanisch "Carambbos!" and other exotic greeting and cussing words; and all this buzz was about the graceful fact that you can buy boots in the Friedrichstrasse for the price of three whiskies and sodas. It's the same at Dusseldorf, at Chemnitz, at Augsburg. All hotels are choked with buyful business men; and everywhere you hear the same murmurous buzz about cheap boots and knife-boards, punctuated with "Mynheers," and "Jasos," and "Carambbos," and even an occasional reverberative British salutation, "Oh, h—ll, I've missed my train!"

MOST of all, Britons and Yanks teem in Nurnberg and in Thuringia where the cheap and crafty toys come from. When the B.-in-B. last week raided Nurnberg, he was simply smothered in Londoners who hate the Pruss, but who love his winged and waxy Christmas-Tree *Christkinds* (if they cost thrippence), and fiercely reject a long-nosed, Expressionist British wax angel (if it costs a bob). Foreign Buy-Standers swarm like locusts around the Luxury Foot-Wear mills of Pirmasens. Without a squirm of suspicion, every London *débutante* will next year foxtrot in Prussic imitation-silk slippers; and be kissed under Prussic artificial mistletoe. For Nurnberg makes also that; and Nurnberg vows that it will win the War a second time by turning every British child into a Pruss from top to toe, and every British marriageable maid into a Pruss from toe to mistletoe.

WHAT is the cause of it? The cause is our insistent vicious acquaintance, the EXCHANGE OF THE MARK. The MARK EXCHANGE is a paradoxically cussed ultra-Pruss. The worse it is, the brighter are the prospects of the Deutsche Dump. A year ago, the Mark began a tumble down which did not cease until it reached 400 to the Brutal Brad. It was then worth a half-penny. Everyone said: "Germany's Done For." And they were right. But Trade flourished. Orders from all the universe poured in. And naturally. Boots that would give corns of envy to a shopping Duke in Bermondsey sold for the equivalent of seven bob; a 50 candle-power electric bulb cost tuppence-farthing; typewriters were hurled at you for a fiver. The Mark continued to slide towards perdition; and Germany's Ruin was irretrievable. But all men bought; every Pruss manufactured hard, and piled up millions; every foreign manufacturer rent his hair (and wanted to rend the Pruss's); and, of course, London and Washington, D.C., draughted drastic Anti-Dump Bills, and earned public applause.

Photograph *Central News*

WINTER SPORTS BEGIN: READY FOR A LUGE RUN

It will be noticed that this lady is wearing a species of divided skirt which can be unbuttoned to enable the wearer to manage the "luge"

Photograph] **WINTER SPORTS BEGIN: A SKI-ING PARTY STARTING OUT** *[Central News*

Tobogganing, ski-ing and skating are once more in full swing at all the leading Winter Sports resorts in Switzerland. On this page and the preceding one are two early snap-shots from the scene of these delightful activities

THEN came a transformation. At beginning of March, after preaching that Germany was Financially RUINED, the world suddenly decided that Germany might be Financially SAVED. The mild Entente, impelled by keen Herr Professor Keynes, promised to set the Pruss on his legs. The Mark began to soar. The slim and slamful Yank, always out after a good (and usually after a bad) thing, invested two milliards in Prussic Municipal Bonds. The Mark leaped to 133 to the Brutal Brad., it was worth a whole tuppence; and Germany was Financially SAVED. But as result Business began to go to the d——l. The Mark soared; Trade and Industry sored.

NATURALLY, the world ceased to buy. Things that were dirt cheap when each Mark cost a halfpenny seemed undesirably expensive when it cost a precious tuppence. The Native bought nothing. "The Step-Fatherland," reasoned cogently his Wendo-Teutonic brain, "is Financially SAVED; therefore prices will fall; so Lotte had better wait till 1950 for her purple petticoat." Nobody manufactured; Saxony had 70 per cent. of textiles hands out of work; unemployment rose 200 per cent. Judging by the soaring Mark, Germany was now financially CONVALESCENT; judged by soring Trade, she was *in extremis*. And, of course, the foreign cry against Prussic Dumping ceased; and the anti-Dumping Bills were dumped to the deuce.

TO-DAY history repeats. Since June, the Mark has again been crashing abysswards; and Financial Pessimism is endless. Germany is Financially RUINED. But Trade is booming; foreign Buy-Standers stand by fighting in their zeal to buy; you can purchase 50 candle-power bulbs so cheaply that it pays to throw them at a cat; and all foreign statesmen groan, drag out the old forgotten anti-Dumping Bills, and again gain public applause. Probably before the Bills are in the Statute-Book, the tipsy Mark will again begin to soar; nobody will buy anything in Germany; Germany will be Financially SAVED and Commercially RUINED; and the Deutsche Dump will cease.

A Charmingly British Portrait

OF ONE WHO PLAYS A PART IN "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL"

Photograph] MISS MAGGIE TEYTE [*Strauss-Peyton Studi*

The well-known actress who plays a leading part in "A Little Dutch Girl"—the first venture of the new Hicks and Sachs theatrical partnership at the Lyric Theatre

COLUMBINE

AT THE PRINCE'S

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

A NOTE on the programme of this play informs us that "it is transferred in its entirety from the Nottingham Repertory Theatre, being the first original Play and Production staged thereat." I think this must be intended as a certificate of merit. The play is founded on Mr. Compton Mackenzie's successful novel, *Carnival*, and it is in many respects entertaining and interesting.

IT is a story of what, I suppose, is Bohemian life in London to-day, though I have myself not been a Bohemian since the days of my extreme and irresponsible youth in Paris. But that is another story. Or, as a French friend wrestling fiercely with our English idiom put it, another flight of stairs. This, however, is not an autobiography, but a notice of a popular play, so we will, if you please, at once return to the business of the meeting.

JENNY RAEBURN is a dancer in the front row of the ballet. When the curtain rises her mother is in the kitchen of her humble home at six o'clock in the morning, wondering curiously whether or not Jenny has been home all night. It subsequently transpires that she has not. She has spent the small hours at a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden, with a few boisterous friends who escort her to the family kitchen, and then go away as noisily as they came. She is dressed—as the phrase goes—with the fluffy inadequacy of a stage Columbine, and she presents a strange contrast to her sordid surroundings in that commonplace kitchen. After her noisy friends

(Continued on page 638

Epoch-Making Even

ONE OF THE VULGAR RICH IS ANNOUNCED AT

t Occurs in Chelsea

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

A GATHERING OF THE "ART FOR ART'S SAKE"

have gone, her personal escort, disguised as a harlequin, comes back to wish her many happy returns of the day, and also to tell her that he loves her very dearly. In fact, since he is a young man who is very well off, he would be willing to marry her if it were not for his "people." This young man is Maurice Avery (Mr. Bobbie Andrews), and he is described on the programme as a Dilettante—a term which covers a multitude of unconventionalities.

WHAT there is left to be told of the story is conveyed in a series of scenes that are admirable for the purpose they are designed to effect. In the first act the chief interest is not in Columbine's love affair, but in the behaviour of her quaint family. Her father, Mr. Charlie Raeburn, is a carpenter by trade, and he is represented by Mr. Frank Bertram, who gives us an amusing and lifelike study of the working-man in his lair, as it were. The main question that agitates the Raeburns is whether it is respectable for a young girl to walk about in a very flimsy costume such as Jenny is wearing.

FRANK BERTRAM AS CHARLIE RAEBURN

MARGARET WATSON AS MARIE. A DRESSER

MR. Raeburn has an opinion of his own, but before he can utter it, his wife shuts him up, and he therefore resumes, in subdued silence, the work of putting on his collar and necktie at the breakfast table. There is a very small but perfectly acted part by Mr. Eric Cowley as Jenny's brother Alfred. In his opinion, anybody would take Jenny, from her appearance, to be a mere light-o'-love, only the term he employs is rather more abrupt and familiar than that.

IN the last act we get back to the kitchen again. Mrs. Raeburn has regrettably died in the interval, and the family have just returned from the funeral, and the occasion has apparently been seized on as being the most suitable for a rare display of rollicking humour. Mr. Raeburn's idea of the classical "funeral baked meats" takes the form of a bottle of beer; and when the younger of his daughters remonstrates with him for drinking so soon after the painful ceremony, he remarks plaintively that he doesn't know which is the worse nagger, a wife or a daughter. Besides, it isn't as if he were drinking any of your light coloured ales. He is drinking stout which is of the proper hue for so solemn an occasion. I suppose this is genuine humour all right. I know I laughed at it myself, but it is such a long time since I was respectable that what I do now doesn't count in the view of really responsible people. What worried me most in the scene was to see an actor on the stage leisurely sipping his beer while people in the audience, who were just as good as he, had to go without because it was after ten at night.

IN the second act we are taken to Maurice Avery's studio at Westminster, overlooking the river. Maurice and his friends have invited Jenny and some of her ballet-girl comrades to a five o'clock tea. After the tea the couples pair off and dance in what, I suppose, is meant to be a very free and easy fashion; but the fun impressed me as being a little forced and mechanical. If my memory serves me well, we ordered this matter better in France. But no doubt the restrictions of the Lord Chamberlain

forbid anything like realism in these little orgies of fun. After the dance Maurice gets a telegram calling him away to Spain, and he is keenly disappointed because Columbine refuses to meet him in Paris, and proceed with him to his journey's end. He thinks as she loves him so, she might at least concede a little thing like that.

BUT the scheme doesn't work. I have known it to fail on other occasions. This scene is embellished by a procession of barges down the river which are visible through the open windows, but it is not easy to see how the picturesque effect helps the progress of the story. The only thing it does settle conclusively is that the Thames is not on fire.

A STRIKING scene is the Dressing Room of the Ballet at the theatre, which is no doubt drawn straight from life. The little jealousies between one lady and another are remorselessly emphasised in "catty" dialogue which is entertaining for a while, but becomes a little boring at length The gem of the scene is the acting of Miss Margaret Watson as a Dresser. Her kind words of advice to her young friends based on her own unhappy experiences are vastly entertaining.

THE amiable old Dresser is on the gloomy side till one of the ladies, in celebration of a proposal from her admirer, orders whiskies and sodas all round. Then the Dresser is herself again. With a fine ingenuity she manages to corner rather more than her share of the blissful tonic with the inevitable result. Miss Watson's performance here is very striking, but admirably restrained.

YOU gather only from a slight increase in her loquacity, with its intervals of causeless mirth, that she is as desirous as she can be of concealing from the profane the glorious state of exaltation which she has quite unexpectedly attained It is a very able performance indeed.

HAVING had news that Maurice is staying in Spain indefinitely, Columbine naturally concludes that Maurice has gone back on her for ever, and in a fit of despair she yields to the importunities of a nameless admirer who has invited her to supper and sinfulness. Then all at once, Maurice, unable to resist the old lure, comes back and proposes to marry the girl. She was not, it seems, good enough for his "people" in her former state, but now that she has taken the wrong turning we are left to conclude that those "people" will find her quite all right. Some "people"!

MISS Ellen Compton works very hard with the part of Columbine and proves herself to be a very competent actress, as a member of so distinguished a family should. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who is, of course, another member of the family, doubtless writes of that of which he knows and his play is thoroughly interesting. And the acting throughout is on a very high level of excellence.

JINGLE

Our New "Ambassadors" in Paris

Photographs

LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, AND—

Elliott and Fry

—HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON DIAMOND HARDINGE

Lord Hardinge, who has just succeeded Lord Derby as our Ambassador in Paris, and his charming daughter, who will act as hostess for her father at the Embassy

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Lucien has been looking too longingly at the next table"

NO ROOM FOR DIVORCE

MES AMIS—

I HAVE had to let my *cousine* write to you last week because I have been away from Paris. She has wanted to write to you again this week to tell you more about the golf. It has been with difficulty I have persuaded her there are more important matters. I have had to insist that you do not want always to hear about the sport—that I might tell you, *par exemple*, of my adventures in the football—but that you are more interested in the other sides of the *vie de Paris*. But I had to promise I would not talk about the sport or she would have sent a letter separately herself.

BUT what I wanted to tell you this week was of the good that has come out of the evil. I have seen that the *Britanniques* always like to hear of any cure that goes to be made in the French morals. Even more so than in their own! Well, you have heard how terrible it has been to find a *logement* in Paris, how it has been only possible to get the apartment one has wanted by—what you call it?—"Swaps." One has had to find the person who would take his rooms before one could get the flat he wanted.

Eh bien! who would have thought that this *crise* of living places could have had in its dark cloud a silver lining? Almost no one. But it had. It has had a quite determining effect upon the morals of Paris. And that has been for the good.

IT appears that Paris has been spared from statistics which would have been a shocking record in divorces. Just because of the famine in houses. At last the builders, who have refused to build houses, have something with which to ease their guilty conscience. They can even walk hand-in-hand with the cardinals who from the pulpit have made the thunder against the divorce. Perhaps they have made a plot together.

HUNDREDS of husbands and wives who had come to the unalterable decision that they could live with one another no more, have stopped on the doorstep with a shock. If they left the home they had, where could they find another? In their haste to part they have not thought of that. But when they have had to tell the taxi-driver where to drive they have thought of a lot of places—at none of which there was room. All their *parents*, they have recollected, were living in little flats like themselves, and had not even a spare *cabinet de débarras* in which to put another bed. They have dismissed the taxi-driver, deciding that the parting must be postponed until the builders have stopped their plot and put houses on it.

SOME strong-willed wives who have determined to divorce have got farther than the doorstep, but their end has been the same. There has been a cartoonist who has known of a case. He has sketched a *divorcée*, talking to her friend. "Yes," she has said, "I have got a handsome allowance and the children. But the brute has kept the flat. I shall have to go back."

HENRY GRIVETÉ has told me an amusing story how the divorce has been avoided by his brother, Lucien. Since two years Lucien has been married to a rather jealous woman from the Midi. This jealousy, as usual, has often made the difficulties. And at last they have had a quarrel. It was, naturally, about nothing at the commencement—just a question whether

"Or she would have sent a letter separately herself"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

"Lucky are the newly married who can find room for one"

Lucien has been looking too longingly at the "peach" sitting at the next table, or the *pêche* with which she was toying. Lucien, of course, has said it was the fruit, because the *garçon* had told him there was no more when he has ordered. But Madame has not believed. She has become angry and angry. She has continued to quarrel when they have got home. Finally, she has declared she would return to her mother.

"*Bien!*" has said the clever, cruel, Lucien. "She will be no doubt pleased to have you. Let us see, how many rooms has she?" Then Madame Lucien has felt a great cold. She remembers that on coming to Paris her mother has had consent to live in a tiny *appartement*, all the spaces of which are more than overfull. Madame has therefore decided to accept her husband's explanation that it was the fruit at which he had been looking.

So altogether, you see, to divorce has become as difficult as to marry. Always the law of compensations does come to the help. The lack of space *chez soi* has led to even a restriction on displays of wifely temper. Balzac, somewhere, has told the story of a royal lady who, having put rollers under the bed of her husband, had the habit, when he had displeased her, of pushing it away from her own. Such a show of disdain would not be possible for a Parisian wife of to-day. There is no more any room for twin beds. Lucky indeed are the newly married who can find room for one, even in what, by day, has to be used for the *salon*.

But in England you will no doubt be pleased to hear of the benefits and you will not think much of the discomforts. It is quaint that you should have always such a desire for an improvement in the morals of France. There are French people, of course, who say the English are hypocrites, but one does not take them seriously. All the same there is always much interest here in happenings that help that suggestion. There has been much joy over what happened recently with an English merchant, who has wished to have shirts put on the dolls he was buying, as otherwise he would be unable to get them through.

These dolls, made of a sort of gelatine, have for a little while now been the *dernier chic* in Paris. They have been almost more pleasing to the parents than to the little ones. They may be twisted into all sorts of positively preposterous shapes, but they spring back to a standing, or lying, pose according to the arrangement.

"There I see a chance of a fortune," has declared at once the English merchant, as soon as he has seen them selling on the boulevards. He has made quick success to discover the manufacturer and *sur le champ* ordered for a million francs.

"Or at least an undervest"

"But," he has told him, "you must put shirts on them, or, at the least, an undervest. "*Entendu*," has replied the manufacturer, who is almost like an Englishman in his quickness to do the business, "we will stick them on the gelatine." "Oh, no, no, no," then has said the purchaser. "That will not do at all. They must be removable. The shirt is only necessary for the English customs examination."

And we had always thought that your customs officers were sea "dogs." ROLANDE

Getting the Bird!

BY WILMOT LUNT

LADY: "Oh! Fancy robbing birds' nests! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? And what will the poor mother do?"

BOY: "Oh! She won't mind—she's in your hat!"

If We Only Spoke the Truth!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

No. III.—"AT LUNCH"

By STEPHEN LEACOCK. *Illustrated by FRANK R. GREY*

IT was my good fortune to spend a large part of the summer just past in fishing for bass. The season of 1920 may be regarded as now definitely closed, and the time is appropriate for a scientific summarising of the results achieved and the information gained.

In my own case I venture to think that the experiments which I carried on are of especial interest to the readers of this paper, inasmuch as a large part of them were conducted in the immediate presence of so well known a man as Mr. John L. Counsell of Hamilton, who acted as my assistant. Mr. Counsell very kindly permits me to say that all statements, measurements, and estimates of weight contained in the following discussion are personally vouched for by him. He has even offered to lend his oath, or any number of his oaths, to the accuracy of my statements. But it has been thought wiser not to use Mr. Counsell's oath in print.

I take this opportunity in turn to express my high appreciation of the hardihood, the endurance and the quiet courage manifested by my assistant throughout our experiments. If Mr. Counsell was ever afraid of a bass, I never knew it. I have seen him immersed in mud on the banks of the river where we fished, I have observed him submerged under rapids, I have seen Mr. Counsell fall from the top of rocks into water so deep and remain under so long that I was just cranking up our car to go home, and yet I never knew him to hesitate for a moment to attack a black bass at sight and kill it.

I can guarantee to anybody who is hesitating whether or not to invite Mr. Counsell to go fishing, that he is a man who may safely be taken anywhere where the bass are, and is an adornment to any party of sportsmen.

I turn, therefore, with added confidence to the tabulated results drawn by myself and Mr. Counsell from our experiments.

In the first place we are able to throw much light on the vexed question as to the circumstances under which the bass bite. There has been a persistent belief that during the glare of the middle part of the day the bass do not bite. This belief is correct. They do not. It is also true that in the sunnier part of the morning itself the black bass do not, or does not, bite. Nor do they, or rather does it, bite during the more drowsy part of the afternoon.

Let the angler, therefore, on a day when the sun is bright in a cloudless sky, lay aside his rod from eight in the morning till six in the afternoon. On such a day as this the fish do not bite. The experienced angler knows this. He selects a suitable tree, lies down beneath it and waits. Nor do the bass, oddly enough, bite on a cloudy day. The bass dislike clouds. Very often the appearance of a single cloud on the horizon is a sign for the experienced angler to retire to a quiet spot upon the bank and wait till the cloud goes by. It has been said that the bass bite well in the rain. This is an error. They don't.

Another popular error that ought, in the interest of the young angler, to be dispelled is that the bass bite in the evening. This is not so. The bass loves the day, and at the first sign of darkness it sinks to the bottom of the water from which it obstinately refuses to move.

I am well aware that the young angler might find himself seriously discouraged at what has just been said. "What then!" he might ask, "do the bass never bite at all? Is it never possible to get a bite from them?" To this I answer very positively that they both do and it is.

The results, in fine, of the experiments carried on by Mr. Counsell and myself lead us to the conclusion that the bass bites at midnight. We offer this only as a preliminary hypothesis, for which perhaps a more ample verification will be found in the season of 1921. We ourselves have never fished till midnight. And we have observed that even the most persistent angler, as the darkness gathers around him, becomes discouraged, and at some time before

midnight, quits. Here he is in error. Our advice to the young angler in all such cases is to keep on until midnight. The black bass which is chary of biting in the glare of the day, and which dislikes the cool of the evening, must, we argue, be just in the mood needed at midnight.

Nor let the young angler run away with the idea that the black bass never bites in the day time. If he (young angler) does this he must be hauled in again on the reel of actual experience. They do and they have. I recall in particular one case in point in the experiments of Mr. Counsell and myself. At the time of which I speak we were fishing from a rocky ledge at the edge of the river that is the scene of our operations. The circumstances were most propitious. The hour was just before daylight so that there was still an aggreeable sense of chilliness in the air. It was raining heavily as we took our places on the rock. Much of this rain, though not all of it, had gone down our shirts. There had been a certain amount of lightning, two cracks of which had hit Mr. Counsell in the neck. In short, the surroundings were all that the most ardent fisherman could desire.

For the moment the rain cleared, a first beam of sunlight appeared through the woods on the bank, and at that very moment Mr. Counsell called to me that he had a bite. I immediately dropped my rod into the river, and urged Mr. Counsell to avoid all excitement, to keep as calm as possible, and to maintain his hold upon his line. Mr. Counsell in turn exhorted me to be cool, and assured me of his absolute readiness, should the fish bite again, to take whatever action the circumstances might seem to us to warrant. I asked him in the meantime whether he was prepared to give me an idea of the dimensions of the fish which had bitten him. He assured me that he could, and to my great delight informed me that the fish was at least three feet long. The reader may imagine, then, with what suppressed excitement Mr. Counsell and I waited for this monster to return and bite again. Nor had we long to wait. Not more than two or three minutes had elapsed when I suddenly saw my assistant's line in violent commotion, Mr. Counsell exerting his whole strength in a magnificent combat with the fish. I called to Mr. Counsell to be cautious and adjured him to the utmost calmness, running up and down on the bank and waving my arms to emphasise what I said. But there was no need for such an exhortation. Mr. Counsell had settled down to one of those steady fights with the black bass which are the proudest moments in the angler's life. The line was now drawn absolutely taut and motionless. Mr. Counsell was exerting his full strength at one end and the fish, apparently lying at a point of vantage at the very bottom of the river, was exerting its full strength at the other. But here intervened one of those disappointments which the angler must learn to bear as best he may. The bass is nothing if not cunning. And an older, larger fish of the extraordinary size and mass of the one in question shows often an almost incredible strategy in escaping from the hook. After a few minutes of hard strain, my assistant suddenly became aware that the fish had left his hook, and at the very moment of escaping had contrived to fasten the hook deep into a log at the bottom of the river. Investigation with a pike pole showed this to be the case. This trick on the part of the bass is, of course, familiar to all experienced anglers. It was fortunate in this case that Mr. Counsell had contrived to get such an accurate estimate of the size of the fish before it escaped.

The young angler may well ask how it is that we are able to know the size of a fish as soon as it bites, without even the slightest glimpse of it. To this I can merely answer that we do know. It is, I suppose, an instinct. The young angler will get it himself if he goes on fishing long enough.

(*Continued on page 648*)

"Adjured him to the utmost calmness"

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"PERSONAL EXPERIMENTS WITH THE BLACK BASS" (*concluded*)

Nor need it be supposed that there is anything unusual or out of the way in the means of escape adopted by the particular bass in question. Indeed, I have on various occasions known the bass not merely to contrive to pass the hook into a log, but even, after it has been firmly hooked, to substitute a smaller fish than itself. I recall in particular one occasion when Mr. Counsell called to me that he had a fish. I ran to his side at once, encouraging and exhorting him as I did so. In this instance the fish came towards the top of the water with a rush; we were both able to distinguish it clearly as it moved below the surface. It was a magnificent black bass measuring seventeen inches from its face to its tail, and weighing into two and a half pounds. The gleam of its scales as it shot through the foaming water is a sight that I shall not readily forget. The fish dived low. Meantime Mr. Counsell had braced himself so as to exert his full strength, and I placed myself behind him with my arms around his body to prevent the fish from dragging him into the stream. By this strategy the fish was thrown clear up on the rock, where Mr. Counsell attacked it at once and beat the breath out of it with a boat hook. But judge of our surprise when we found that the fish landed was not the fish originally caught on the hook. The bass had contrived in its downward plunge to free itself from the hook and to replace itself by a yellow perch six inches long.

"Mr. Counsell attacked it at once . . . with a boat-hook"

From what has been said above it is only too clear that the life of the black bass fisherman has its disappointments and its hardships. The black bass is wary and elusive, more crafty, for example, than the lobster and a gamer fighter than the sardine. The angler must face danger and discomfort. He gets rained upon; he falls into the river, he gets struck by lightning. But, for myself, when the ice of the winter has cleared away and the season of 1921 opens up, I ask no better fate than to be out again at daybreak with Mr. Counsell, sitting on a rock beside the river, with the rain soaking into our shirts, waiting for a bite.

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DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS

Diamonds always have been trumps. They always will be. Why is that? Because, by general consent, the diamond is the gem of gems. "What do they know of England," sings Rudyard Kipling, "who only England know." Similarly, one might say, "What do they know of precious stones who do not diamonds know." Those words have not the melody of Kipling, but they have just as much sound sense. Says some dictionary in definition of diamonds, "The hardest, most brilliant, and most valuable of the precious stones, a transparent crystal of pure carbon, colourless or tinted." This is very plain language about an order of jewels which has coloured the history of the world.

Particularly you will find them running, like a gay thread through the picturesque web of French history. The reason is that women have always figured in French history, as witness the saying, "*Cherchez la femme*," and women have always loved diamonds. Often they have loved them not wisely but too well, for those associated with the tragedy of Marie Antoinette will at once occur to your mind. Sometimes, no doubt, they have loved them for their givers, also not wisely but too well. In either case things have been apt to happen, happiness or sorrow, and so has human history been woven; not a little by diamonds. Who set the fashion in diamonds? Woman, lovely woman, but which lovely woman, who is to tell? Does it matter to a generation of women who, more than ever, love their beauty to sparkle in the *diamant*, as the old French word is.

Where have those precious gems come from? Various parts of the earth have at various times given them up, but now their first treasure house is the blue soil of South Africa. There, fortunes have been made in them, though not every stone found has the making of a fortune. Some are born blind, and so emerge from Mother Earth; others have so poor a glow as to be of little worth. Even so, Kimberley has been the modern Golconda of pearls, and Kimberley is a town and region of the British Empire. This leads one to remark on the rather odd fact, as it must surely seem, that though most diamonds have leapt from British earth, they have hitherto gone abroad to be cut and polished, chiefly to Holland, and, indeed, Amsterdam has a very ancient fame in that industry.

But to-day, if you want to see diamond-cutting on a great scale, where do you think you should take your way? You would scarcely guess, unless you actually happen to know. Why, to Brighton, to our "London by the Sea," there, and no farther. Fairy stories do come about, even they come out of a great war, and this is a fine fairy story. It has been written, not in words, but in deeds by Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, a man of imagination and vision, aye, and what was necessary, of action. All those qualities are needed in a man who is to create a new industry on a new soil. He must be more than merely a good business man; he must be a statesman of business, which is something different, as you will see.

We may not remember it, but as long ago as the Spring of 1917 we were wondering what to do with our maimed and disabled soldiers. By then, the cruel harrow of a long war had made them numerous, and people said, "We must teach them trades, we must make them independent, we must learn them to earn their own living." It was here that Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer and his idea came in: Why not train disabled soldier-men as diamond-cutters and polishers? "Ah!" it was objected here and there, "but that needs rather a high technical skill. Aren't you rather ambitious?" No, thought Mr. Oppenheimer, but instead of arguing the question out he got down to material things. He went to Brighton and offered machinery and instructors to Dr. Burnie, the Principal of the Brighton Technical College, and with that a ship of happy fortune was launched.

The start was modest, and on that account the more encouraging, because all ventures that are to endure need time to grow up. They are like trees; they have first to send their roots into the earth, and after that, their branches into the sky. So at first only half a dozen diamond mills were started within the walls of Brighton Technical College. The disabled men quickly learned their work, and the work came, and before long Mr. Oppenheimer had to build a factory in the Lewes Road, which thoroughfare you will know, if you know Brighton. The factory expanded itself under the shrewd, bold administration of Mr. Oppenheimer, and the encouragement of the Ministry of Pensions. To-day it has some fifteen hundred mills, and it has thrown up branches at Cambridge, Wrexham, and Fort William.

Jewellers and American ladies often speak of diamonds as "brilliants," and here, we may surely say, in a double sense, is a brilliant romance. Moreover, it has the intriguing charm that it goes on, and that the business is even better than the dream. You know the phrase, the "dream and the business," but there cannot be many cases in which the latter has bettered the former. Think of the finding of the rough diamonds, of the digging for them by the dusky Kaffirs. Then think of the sorting of them out, of the sending them over sea and of their coming to Brighton, there to be cut to a brilliance which shall shine on my lady's fingers, in her hair, or round her neck. Think, farther, that this delicate task falls to men who fought and bled in Armageddon, and you get a very true setting of romance.

Never was there a doubt in Mr. Oppenheimer's mind about the ability of Englishmen, hacked by war or not, to quickly master the essential things of diamond-cutting and polishing. He showed this confidence only the more, as his army of workers grew, and he was entitled to show it the more because the fame of the factory and its hands went far and wide, and some most beautiful gems came along to be handled. The Bernard Oppenheimer Factories have been an immense success. They have repeatedly sold large parcels of stones and they have completely achieved their object—to help the disabled and to establish in England a new industry.

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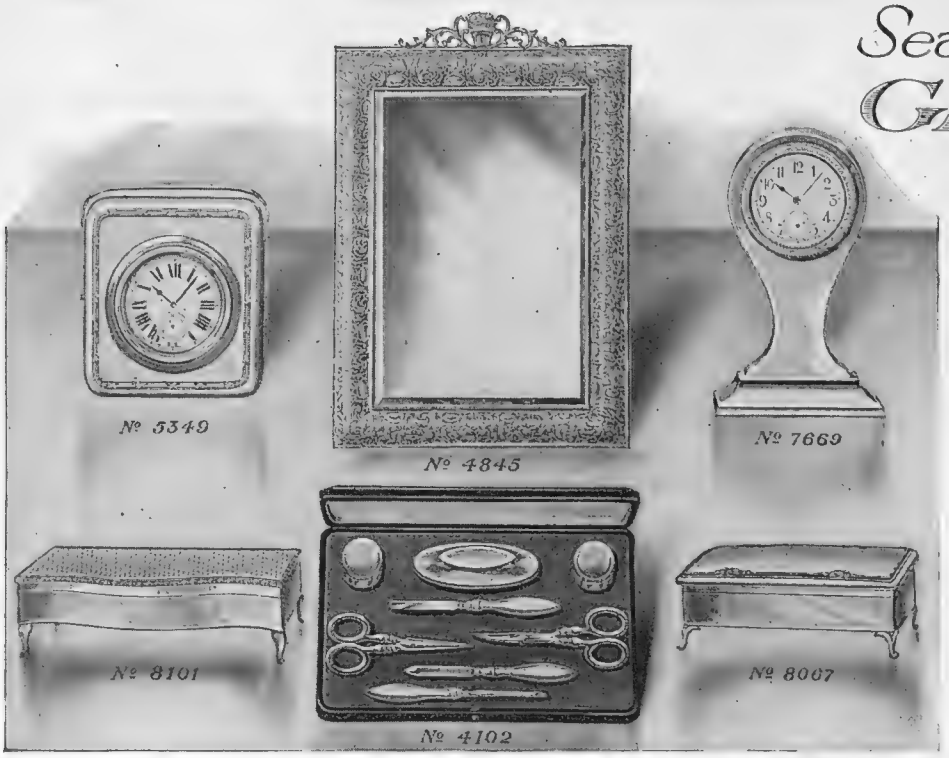

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Tea on the Trans-Atlantic

BY J. H. THORPE

FIRST AVIATOR: "We follow the river down, then cross the Atlantic, and then—"
SECOND DITTO: "'Bout time we came down for a cup of tea—what?"

FEATS of the MIGHTY

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

An anonymous friend — his words were not over amicable, but anyone is a friend who gives a writer a text for a discourse—has written to enquire exactly what was intended by the term "The Great Ones" in a recent triviality from Cologne. He seems to suggest that it was used flippantly. Never let it be said! Respect for greatness is a quality inherent in all Bystanders—particularly in one occupying a flat opposite a really, truly, secret Rat, as Mr. Gerard has rendered the title Herr Wirklicker Geheimrat. Some are born Prussian officials, some achieve posts on Inter-Allied Commissions, and some have red tabs pinned upon them—the greatness of each is reverenced by the mere "civvy" at the right time and place—namely, when he has it in his power to grant or refuse privileges.

A certain occupied building in Cologne contains the sanctums of some of the truly great. Before its portals stand sentries of an inconceivable smartness and integrity. One entrance is so sacred that only officers in uniform may enter by it. In vain would the fairest of V.A.D.'s, the British Ambassador, President Ebert, Mr. Bottomley, or even the Garrison Sergeant-Major try to pass. The sentries are incorruptible and unbrowbeatable, and, knowing that nothing but an officer can enter by this door, naturally assume that nothing else can come out by it.

But there are some very popular personages in Cologne—also great ones in their way—known as German Police or Sheep-Dogs. Afflicted with the strange, new modesty of their race when travelling since the War, they prefer in England to be known as *Alsatian* Sheep-Dogs. Anyway, they have long ago been taken to the hearts of British dog-lovers here, both for their exclusive devotion to one man and for their intelligence. To their very practical value—in Germany, now—as reliable protectors of all kinds of property against thieves, they add such graces as the ability to open doors by standing up and depressing the usual straight German door-handle. Thus it came to pass one day that those sentries of an inconceivable smartness, relying on the integrity of the entrance they guarded, and hearing the click of an opening door behind them, sloped arms and saluted with perfect correctness—a large and dignified German Police Dog, who passed undisturbed on his lordly way!

By H. L. Oakley

"Saluted with perfect correctness—a large and dignified German Police Dog"

During the War a certain German "great one" in Berlin amassed much wealth and from it gave a generous contribution to the German fund for disabled officers and men and war widows. At least, it appeared a generous contribution in the subscription lists, but, as later appeared, the donor understood that he would be rewarded by being made a very special kind of Rat, something equivalent to a Privy Councillor. Months passed by, and the philanthropist, with German directness, wrote and complained that the promised title had not yet arrived, and was told that the matter would be investigated. The following month saw the departure of W. Hohenzollern for Holland, with a week-end case containing patents of nobility and titles of all kinds, and the new Republican Government decided to discontinue their manufacture. A subsequent letter from the patriotic philanthropist expressed great indignation at the way he had been cheated out of his expensive title by official delays and a revolution, and concluded with a demand for the return of the money obtained from him under false pretences!

"And some have red-tabs pinned upon them"

As a story of the *nouveaux riches*, this would be hard to beat—yet—names, addresses, and dates given by the naturally indignant Social-democratic newspaper relating it are *prima facie* evidence of its truth. It is to be imagined that the hardly used philanthropist has managed, despite the house-shortage, to find himself a new residence!

Eric Gordon

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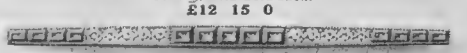

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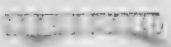

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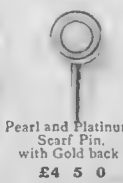

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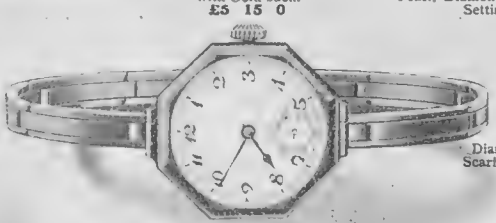

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"The Club"

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The Blackheath Rugby Football Club is known as "The Club," and no one has ever disputed its right to this unique title, for, founded as far back as 1860, it is the oldest of all Rugby football clubs, and is therefore *the* Club by right of primogeniture. Always one of the strongest sides in the Kingdom, it has had a remarkably successful career since the war. Some of its more prominent members are presented above in caricature

Photograph *Sport and General*

CLEVER PLAY BY THE KENT GOAL-KEEPER

In the recent lacrosse match between Surrey and Kent at Dartford. The Kent goal-keeper has successfully repelled a strong attack on her goal and has sent the ball well away. Kent won by 12 goals to 4

HOCKEY

An Old Heresy Revived

In a report of a recent hockey match in which one of the sides played either three backs or four half-backs—it does not matter which—and no goal-keeper, the writer of the report expressed the opinion that the playing of a goal-keeper ought to be made compulsory. I thought that this ancient heresy had died a natural and unlamented death, but apparently it still survives. It owes its origin, of course, to the idea that a side which plays four half-backs, or three backs, and no goal-keeper gains an unfair advantage, because where there is no goal-keeper an attacking player's chances of getting off-side are increased.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

ENGLAND v. AMERICA

The rival captains, Miss E. Clarke (England) left, and Miss E. Cheston (America) in the hockey match at Richmond last Tuesday. England had a very strong side and beat our American visitors by no fewer than 16 goals to nil

Dispensing with a Goal-keeper

What is the actual truth of the matter? It is that a side which dispenses with a goal-keeper does so from necessity and not from choice. The customary formation—five forwards, three halves, two backs, and a goal-keeper has been proved by long experience to be the best formation—with this one proviso, that the goal-keeper must be a goal keeper in fact as well as in name. Goal-keeping is the most highly specialised job on the field. A forward can often play back quite well and *vice versâ*, but no one can keep goal unless he has learnt how to do it, and is continually doing it. You cannot transform a back or a forward into a goal-keeper by merely sticking a pair of pads on his legs and telling him what to do, and a goal-keeper who cannot keep goal might just as well be off the field.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE SURREY HOCKEY ELEVEN

Who defeated Essex at Richmond on Wednesday last after a very hard game by two goals, both gained in the second half, to nil. Left to right: A. L. Pemberton, R. F. Cloete-Scott, W. L. Whitaker, C. T. A. Wilkinson, A. J. Kirby, S. H. Shoveller, G. F. McGrath, G. Lindsay-Holt, R. L. Stevenson, H. J. Still, W. E. Gardner. The goals were scored by Pemberton and Gardner

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

Necessity not Choice

CONSEQUENTLY if, as sometimes happens, a club finds itself without a goal-keeper, it does not put in a "dud"; it completes its team *faute de mieux* with an extra back or half-back. But to say that it gains an advantage thereby, and should, therefore, be compelled to play a goal-keeper is absurd. To have to play without a goal-keeper is handicap enough; to be compelled to play a goal-keeper who is no good would be an absolute injustice.

LAWN TENNIS

Surrendering the Laws

LAST week I outlined what I regard as a conclusive argument against the proposed handing over of the control of the laws of lawn tennis to the International Federation. Put shortly, it was that the object of the proposed change — the establishment of a uniform code of laws for all lawn tennis playing nations—cannot be attained unless and until America joins the Federation, a thing which at present seems very unlikely to happen. There, is, however, yet another argument against the proposed change. If the resolution embodying the terms upon which the control of the laws will be handed over is passed, the position will be that no amendment of the laws will be possible unless such amendment, having been submitted to a meeting of the International Federation, is carried *nem con.*

Photographs *Sport and General*

C. A. MACARTNEY H. L. COLLINS

The two crack Australian cricketers, who between them were mainly responsible for the defeat (their first) of the M.C.C. team by New South Wales at Sydney last week. Macartney in the second innings of N.S.W. scored 161, and Collins 106

The Terms of Surrender

WHAT does this mean? It means, *inter alia*, that England can veto any alteration of the laws of which she does not approve, but it also means that if England and France, for instance, agree upon some alteration of the laws, which they both think very desirable and are anxious to adopt, they must obtain the consent of all the other nations comprising the Federation to their proposal. A majority or a two-thirds majority is not enough. The smallest and least influential nation can

(Continued on page 658)

POPE & BRADLEY
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of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

A BITING OFFER

A GIFT OF PROFIT.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE mind of the public is to-day in a state of anxious uncertainty regarding prices, and trade consequently fluctuates in an extraordinary manner. There is no stability. This is fundamentally due to political unrest, to the restriction of foreign markets, and to excessive taxation.

Let me briefly state the woollen situation. All the woollen materials for next winter (November, 1921) are already manufactured. They are now being sold to merchants, and there is no drop in price on those of 1920. West End tailoring wages are up 100 per cent. on the pre-war rate, therefore it is illogical to anticipate any appreciable reduction in the price of men's clothes until 1922—if then. These are the facts of costs.

The chief problem, however, of employers to-day is the question of employment. And to create employment I have determined to foster production to its utmost at any personal cost. In doing so I lay no claim to philanthropy or altruism, and any apparent virtue must be distinctly qualified.

To explain: The financial year of Pope and Bradley ends on December 31, and with the excessive taxation—so crushing that it has killed incentive and made development unprofitable—I am, frankly, not interested in the amount of profit made by my House this year. The Excess Profits Tax is now responsible for financial anomalies.

From now until December 31 I shall disregard and forego all profits, and make lounge suits and overcoats for my customers at actual cost price:—

Lounge Suits .. .. £10 10 0 net cash.
Overcoats .. .. .. £8 8 0 net cash.

These prices represent cost of materials and workmanship only; no overhead or establishment charges are included. In other words, every suit and overcoat will be actually sold at a loss until the end of 1920, but employment will be maintained at full capacity, and this is one of the vital necessities of to-day.

All the materials sold will be of the finest and most expensive quality, and the tailoring at Bond Street, at Southampton Row, and at Manchester will be in accordance with the reputation of my House.

It would be economically unsound to continue to trade on such a basis, and on January 1 prices must be immediately revised. Next year the Excess Profits Tax will die a belated death—killed by its own boomerang.

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veto it. Is it a right principle that legitimate legislative progress, acceptable to the majority of those whom it concerns, should be liable to be barred by a minority of one?

A Question of Principle

BUT I go further than that. I question whether any arrangement which practically precludes a nation from making laws for herself is not wrong in principle. Let us take our own case, for example. We made the laws in the first instance; they are primarily ours, though other nations have adopted them. We have never claimed the right to alter the laws of other countries, but we have always had the right to alter our own. Uniformity is a good thing but independence is a better. Nor must we forget that nine-tenths of English lawn tennis players are not in the least concerned with the way in which the game is played in other countries. What concerns them is that they should be free to play it in the manner which seems good to themselves.

Photographs *Sport and General*

D. D. DUNCAN (Oxford) **G. S. CONWAY (Cambridge)**

Captains of the two fifteens which are to meet in the Varsity "Rugger" match on Tuesday next, December 7, at Queen's Club. Two pages of caricatures of members of both teams by Miss Phyllis Kermode will appear in our next issue

Independence First

LET us by all means consult other nations (as we have done in the past) whenever we propose to alter our laws—and let us be equally ready to consider and avail ourselves of any suggested improvements which may emanate from them; but if, on the one hand, we cannot get them to fall in with our views, or, on the other, we cannot fall in with theirs, let us retain the right to say, "Very well, then, we must agree to differ. If you come over to play in England you will have to abide by our laws, and if we come over to your country we shall have to abide by yours."

A National Heritage

Is not this better than sacrificing for all time the right which every nation should be free to exercise of playing lawn tennis in the manner which seems good to it? I feel justified in having devoted so much space to this matter in two issues of THE BYSTANDER, for I regard it as one of National, even more than of International, importance, and I hope that the Lawn Tennis Association at their meeting on December 13 will pay due heed to its gravity. H. S. S.

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PROGRESS AND EXPANSION.

CAPITAL INCREASED.

The third annual general meeting of Messrs. Joshua Hoyle and Sons, Ltd., was held on Thursday at the Registered Office, India Mills, Bacup, Lieut.-Colonel J. Craven Hoyle, T.D., D.L., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that at the meeting held in 1918 he was rather bold in making a prophecy as to the future outlook, and, so far, he had not proved a false prophet. The result of the last twelve months' work had been gratifying to the directors, and also, he was sure, pleasing to the shareholders.

As regarded their Mills, the return to pre-war conditions was making satisfactory progress, and nearly the whole of the machinery was now running to its full capacity. The Deputy-Chairman, speaking twelve months ago of the growth of Joshua Hoyle and Sons as a manufacturing firm, said, "There is no limit to the possible growth of the firm," and that view he (the Chairman) endorsed, and even would go further and say that a business must move in one of two directions, either forward or backward, and they had determined that it should not be the latter. (Hear, hear.) The guiding principle in their forward movement had been to acquire businesses, the productions of which were on lines untouched by Mills already owned by the firm.

Following that policy, during the period under review they had been able to acquire on advantageous terms Tong Mill, Bacup; Derker Mills, Oldham; all the share capital in the Stamford Commercial, Ltd., Hurst, Ashton-under-Lyne; Wilding Bros., Preston; and last, but not least, the old-established business of Peter Todd and Co., Ltd., Wheelton, near Chorley, which was engaged on specialities of the finer production of cotton goods, and which was equipped with 1,140 looms and 30,000 spindles.

He desired to call attention to the position of Joshua Hoyle and Sons when it ceased to be a private Company and its position to-day. In 1917 the firm had 3,100 looms and 91,000 mule and ring spindles. To-day they actually owned nearly 300,000 mule and ring spindles and 9,330 looms, 1,200 being sheeting looms and 4,306 fitted with Dobby, Jacquard, and other motions.

The businesses they had bought had, in their own particular spheres, reputations quite as high as that of the parent Company, and it would be the aim of the Board to see that nothing besmirched the fine reputation of those concerns.

The profit for the year amounted to £289,507, making, with the amount brought forward, a disposable balance of £328,756. The renewals and reserve fund now stood at £360,000, against £140,000 twelve months ago. The item for fixed plant in the balance-sheet, which stood at £340,178, was a purely nominal one, the real value of the properties on a very conservative basis, being a matter of millions, whilst the stocks held on September 30th, valued at nearly £2,000,000, were also taken on a safe and conservative basis.

Regarding the present situation in the cotton trade, there were various forces operating against the confidence of the buyers over the whole world, not the least being the state of the foreign exchange. The resumption of buying could only be deferred for a period, and the natural demand for goods in the different countries of the world would have to be satisfied. The law of supply and demand would eventually operate, and so adjust matters as would be remunerative to cotton-growers and others who handled the raw material, and when that day arrived the world would see higher prices ruling for cotton goods than were now quoted.

The directors proposed to increase the capital of the Company to £5,000,000 by the creation of 3,000,000 8 per cent. "B" Cumulative Preference Shares. Their great and main object in creating the new capital was to provide for the constant development of the business and to be in a position to take advantage of the psychological moment for the further extension of their ramifications.

The report was adopted, and resolutions were duly passed authorising the increase of capital from £2,000,000 to £5,000,000 by the creation of 3,000,000 "B" Preference Shares.

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TRADE MARK

HUNTING NOTES

Photograph *Central News*

MR. JOHN F. COMPLIN

The Hon. Secretary of the Hampshire Hounds, at the meet at the "Old Jolly Farmers" at Black Nest, near Alton

Photograph *Photo Illus. Co.*

EARL WINTERTON, M.P.

Master of the Chiddingfold Hunt, photographed at a recent meet at Barnards, near Guildford

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

SIR CHARLES FREDERICK

Who is Master of the Pytchley, with whom the Prince of Wales has recently been hunting. Sir Charles succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1913

All Sorts of Conditions

LAST week opened with much uncertainty for riders to hounds. First it freezed and then it fogged. Between one and the other Masters did not know whether to bring hounds from kennels, or, having got them to the meeting-place, whether to move off to the covertside on the chance of conditions improving. Thus there were inevitably some ruined days in the Midlands and elsewhere, the Quorn being among the sufferers. November produced its usual crop of mishaps in the field, Major J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale being one of the victims. The Master of the Bicester had the bad luck to get hung up in an iron. The thought of that dangerous predicament always makes one shudder. Major Heywood-Lonsdale was lucky to escape with nothing worse than a broken rib.

Princely Activities

THE Prince of Wales is evidently bent on enjoying the hunting season to the full. He has not lost many opportunities, so far, of getting out with the hounds. Within a week last month he rode with three different packs. Following a day with the Pytchley he crossed the borders with Captain Drummond, honouring Lord Hillingdon and the Grafton people by taking his first experience of sport in that fine country. Then on to Sandringham, whence the Prince and Princess Mary rode out to meet the West Norfolk Hounds. This, of course, is not such a fashionable country as the Pytchley or the Grafton. You get a good deal more plough and woodland in Norfolk than you encounter in the Shires. But the Prince thoroughly enjoyed his day with his "home" pack, of whose hunt club he has just accepted the office of chairman.

With the Pytchley

SIR CHARLES FREDERICK, who is splendidly maintaining the great Pytchley traditions, will have been relieved to see Frank Freeman back in his accustomed place. Jull filled the gap very capably while the huntsman was recovering from his mishap, but it is trying a whipper-in pretty highly to get him to deputise for such a master of his craft as Freeman. If the Pytchley sport has contained nothing particularly thrilling so far, this can be attributed directly to the woefully poor scenting conditions which have prevailed.

M.F.H.'s in the House

OUR picture of Lord Winterton, the Master of the Chiddingfold Hounds, reminds us that there is a good sprinkling of M.F.H.'s at Westminster. Among them is a Cabinet Minister in the person of Mr. Walter Long, but, unfortunately, he has not been able to take up his duties of Mastership very actively so far, owing to his illness. General T. E. Hickman, the joint-Master of the Albrighton Hounds, is an M.P., so is Colonel Vernon

Photograph THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY *[Topical*

At a meet of the West Norfolk Hounds last week. The Prince recently had a nasty fall in taking a gate, but was happily unhurt and had mounted and was away again before anyone could get to his assistance

Willey, who is showing good sport in the Blankney country. Major G. R. Lane-Fox, Sir Owen Philipps, Major David Davies, and Colonel Dennis Boles are others who could talk in a very practical way if the subject of hunting came up in the House.

A New Polo Manager

LET me give here an interesting little item of polo news. I told you a few weeks ago that Major "Rattle" Barrett had given up the job of polo manager at Hurlingham. I learn now that his successor is to be Major F. H. Blacker, and those who know him will agree that the Hurlingham Committee could not have made a better selection. While he has the organisation of the tournaments at his fingers' tips, as the result of many years' experience at the club, Major Blacker can also be depended upon to look after the interests of those players who are not up to tournament form. He is likely to have his hands pretty full with the visit of the Americans in the coming season.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Topical*

MAJOR AND MRS. ALWYN CAVENDISH

Arriving with Capt. Egerton (on right) at a meet of the York and Ainsty Hounds, which took place last week at Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman's Yorkshire house, Copgrove Hall, near Harrogate

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

No Flowers

THE last meeting on the flat has been held until we reassemble—full of hope as usual—at Lincoln and Liverpool in the spring. Fences and hurdles are now the subject of our discussions. No more five-furlong sprints for a while; no more anxious moments at the starting-gate. We shed no tears over the departed season and deposit no flowers on its tomb. It entertained us while it lasted, but we do not treasure affectionate memories of it. There was no Irish Elegance to arouse us to enthusiasm in the handicaps, and, if we except the non-staying Tetratema, the classic winners were undeniably a poor lot.

Congratulations

ONE feature of the inevitable statistics of the season has given general satisfaction—the position of Sir Robert Jardine at the head of the winning owners. No supporter of racing more richly deserves a turn of luck than the Scottish baronet, whose success was so cleverly depicted by "The Tout" in these pages last week. "No doubt the bookmakers will be pleased to see me at the top of the tree," Sir Robert was recently heard to remark, "for my horses are not favourites as a rule." He is one of those owners who can derive a great deal of enjoyment from racing without bothering their heads about betting. The sporting public knows that it will always get a good run for its money when the silver-braided dark blue jacket is being carried.

MR. JOSEPH DAVIS By "The Tout"

Who is the enterprising "boss" of Hurst Park. During his long association with the Hampton Meeting he has transformed it into one of the most up-to-date fixtures in the Kingdom

"Hurst Park"

EVERYBODY in racing knows Mr. "Joe" Davis, of Hurst Park fame, and he was sure to catch "The Tout's" roving eye before long. Few men have had a longer experience of the Turf than the managing director of the popular riverside course at Molesey. Mr. Davis has handled the affairs of Hurst Park with characteristic astuteness and good judgment, with the result that it has been a flourishing concern for a long time past. Personally I dislike a course on which the horses gallop right at you, as they do in the finishes at Hurst Park; but it is difficult to see how the stands there could be differently arranged.

Some New Jumpers

IN a recent issue I was writing of Sir James Buchanan's latest purchases, Southsea and Southampton, who were to have come from Ireland into the Findon stable and were expected to make a big mark this winter. Something appears to have gone wrong, however, with Southsea, as he has not yet joined "Bob" Gore's string. The Irishmen vow he is one of the best jumpers you ever saw. Southampton has arrived in his new home. He cost a tidy sum for a four-year-old who has yet to prove his jumping ability, but I think Gore will be disappointed if he does not turn out a good 'un. I see, by the way, that The Midshipmite is to have a course of jumping and has gone into Aubrey Hastings's stable. He was a bitter disappointment on the flat this year. Another of the big flat racing disappointments, Galroy, is now jumping hurdles at Findon. I hear he shapes promisingly, but I doubt whether Lord Lascelles will ever get back anything like the £10,000 he gave for the colt.

Newbury and Kempton

THERE will be jumping in the latter part of the week at Newbury and Kempton Park. One can always depend on seeing good sport at Newbury; moreover, the irreproachable railway service, and the up-to-date accommodation on the course make it a real pleasure to attend the meeting. I suppose I really ought to allow the jumping form to settle down a bit before venturing upon any selections, but a 10 to 1 winner in Strathleven last week emboldens me. Thus I choose **Ardonagh** for the Open Steeplechase on Wednesday, and **Star of Hope** for the Juvenile Hurdle Race on the following day. At Kempton Park **White Heat** may win the chief event of the first day, and **Garryvoe** the Middlesex Steeplechase on Saturday.

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R.H.

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

In Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, *The Captives* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Uncle Mathew, one of the most pathetic figures in modern fiction, says to his niece, Maggie Cardinal: "You don't seem able to get away from religion," and in that one sentence you have more or less the main theme of his book. It is a work of outstanding merit, gloomy, perhaps, though not nearly so gloomy as it might have been, but intensely alive and dynamic; and for all its great length, it contains not a word too many. "Religion," however, is a vague enough word. Mr. Walpole uses it in a particular sense. He calls one of the divisions of his book "The Chariot of Fire," and that gives you the clue. The religion which encompasses the unfortunate Maggie is made up of the queer, narrow beliefs, more general in the old witch-burning times than to-day, which so easily lead to fanaticism and unconscious cruelty and a theatre-like fraud.

The Kingscote Brethren worship in a little chapel in the neighbourhood of Garrick Street, and a number of them follow their pastor's belief in an immediate end of the world. Old Warlock's sole earthly tie is his love for Martin, a scapegrace son. Of his congregation the two old sisters, Anne and Elizabeth Cardinal, are the chief supporters. Their niece, Maggie, comes to them on her father's death, and slowly the chapel, with all that it stands for, closes about her. Maggie is not "religious," and therein lies the trouble. She is a good girl, not too well-versed in the ways of the world, who wants nothing better than to be liked; but in the Kingscote circles you may do this or that, but not, very decidedly not, the other. To Maggie, as to Martin Warlock, "the other" is invariably the desirable thing. With infinite care and the most wonderfully keen penetration Mr. Walpole describes this prison without a wall in which Maggie and Martin are remorselessly confined. It is all cruel and unhappy and inevitable. You wish that there was some easy way out, but there isn't. You think: "If I had been Maggie or Martin I shouldn't have done *that*," and yet the conviction grows that in their position you would probably have done nothing else.

So the story proceeds, and the captives cannot get out. Old Warlock dies in his chapel at the very moment when the end of the world is due, but Martin is less free than ever, because he believes that his own behaviour has been the cause. He goes out, after telling Maggie that he is married. Maggie's love is of the unchanging kind, but she marries an Anglican parson with a detestable sister, and so goes from chapel to church. Would she have married this parson, you wonder? Mr. Walpole tells you she did, and you accept his word. And then there follows a terrible picture of provincial churchianity, written without bias, which ends for Maggie only with the death of her uncle. There comes a time of fearful suspense—Martin has been found, but can she still hold him?—and then, well, Mr. Walpole, after frightening you with horrible doubts, allows the lovers' prison, like some Aladdin's palace, to disappear in the morning.

The Captives is, indeed, a fine piece of work, not to be adequately described in a couple of paragraphs. It shows Mr. Walpole in his true guise of seeker and artist. It contains little "humour" in the narrow sense of the word, because the subject does not permit it. On the other hand, the picture it paints is so vivid, so unforced, and so delicately interpreted as to make of this book a work of art which will not be forgotten or found out of date fifty or a hundred years hence.

The War found the doctors prepared for most things, but not for the outbreak of those mental troubles which came to be lumped together and dubbed, most unfortunately, shell-shock. Naturally the doctors "made good" soon enough, and people who before the War had never heard of a psychoneurosis, now talk for hours on end about Freud and Jung and all the new catchwords. And, of course, it was inevitable that the novelists would get busy on the subject. The Logroller has even been guilty in the matter himself. [This is not an advertisement page. —Ed.] Given a soldier suffering from shell-shock, and you can do much. Your hero, for instance, can lose a whole or part of his memory,

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS By Arthur Watts
No. VIII.—"THE MONGREL"

THE LITERARY LOG (*concluded*)

just when it is most important that he should do nothing of the kind. Muriel Hine makes good use of such an incident in her new novel, *The Breathless Moment* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Here you have Sabine Fane, a lady, becoming housekeeper to old Miss Vallance and her nephew, Mark. He, poor man, is unhappily married to a worthless wretch, and prevented by his aunt from joining up. Sabine and he fall in love, and the old lady dies. Values, as you know, alter in wartime. When Mark goes for a soldier, love has enjoyed a triumph. There has been a wonderful month. But when he returns he has forgotten the last four years of his life. Here is a situation which Muriel Hine works out with admirable skill.

Photograph *J. H. Killick*

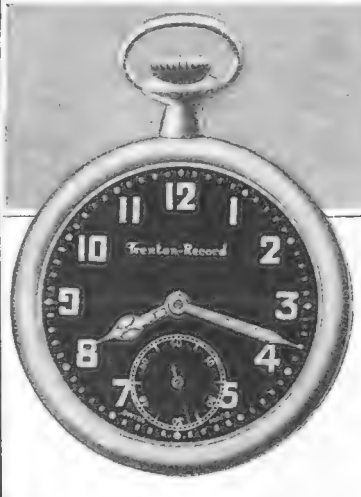
MISS PHYLLIS THOMAS

The sixteen year-old pupil of Mr. Charles Fry who recently played "Juliet" at King George's Hall before a large and critical audience. Miss Thomas's performance was a remarkably fine one, and her future career will be watched with interest

ACCOUNTS of prison life in Germany tend to show many features in common, but Mr. Joseph Lee's little book, *A Captive in Carlsruhe* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), should not be missed. He manages to convey much in a very few words, and he was lucky in an unusual way. He did not have astonishing adventures in an attempt at escape, but he saw every side of prison life, and when the Armistice came, he and a brother-officer in uniform went coolly to Berlin by train—just as though there had been no War at all—and saw many things which few other Britons can have seen. But the chief interest of this book lies in Mr. Lee's excellent sketches and portraits. These are quite extraordinarily good.

ANYTHING that Mr. J. C. Snaith writes is worth reading. *The Adventurous Lady* (Collins: 9*s.* net) possesses the hoariest of hoary old plots, but for all that it is piquant and enticing and full of good fun. There is the Lady Elfrida Catkin going down to a Newish Rich party in the country and the mouse-like Miss Cass, who is travelling in the same train to take up a governess's duties in a small house in the same neighbourhood. The two ladies change places, and there you are. There is a nice General Norris for Lady Elfrida and a nice Lord Buckingfield for Miss Cass. All most amusing. R. S.

Time!



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The Ingersoll Trenton Record is made from the finest materials, and like all Ingersoll's is guaranteed to give accurate and reliable timekeeping service.

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IN these days of efficiency you cannot afford to be without a thoroughly reliable timekeeper.

Better still if you can combine the quality of accuracy with grace and refinement in the watch you select.

The Ingersoll Trenton Record is such a watch. It is a thing of beauty which embodies all that is best in the art and skill of the modern watchmaker.

Supplied in the following styles with white non-luminous dials :—

Trenton Record, 7 Jewels, Solid Nickel Case	£3	15	0
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If supplied with black luminous dials, 10/- *extra.*			
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NEW TOYS
FOR SALE
&
OLD TOYS
ON VIEW

To-day and until Christmas

AN EXHIBITION

of Old Toys, kindly lent by Mrs. C. Lovat Fraser, Mrs. J. V. Bryant, Mrs. J. K. Hackett, Mrs. Shelley, Miss Bieber, Mr. Albert Rutherston, Mr. R. Ihlee and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks, will be on view.

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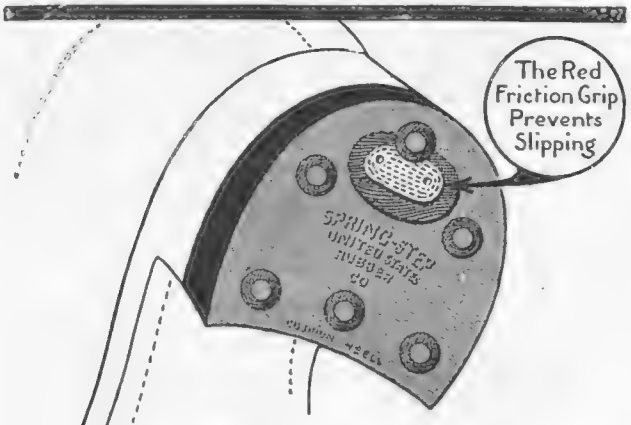

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Spring-Step Rubber Heels are permanent. They can't loosen, jingle or drop off. They are as much a part of your boots as the sole—only they wear longer.

Made to match and fit your boots—from live, springy rubber, Spring-Step Rubber Heels do lessen fatigue, do give buoyancy to your step. Their exclusive Safety Friction Grips are the most effective preventative against slipping yet devised.

Get your Repairer to fit a pair—Black or Tan.

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SAFE - SILENT - SAVING

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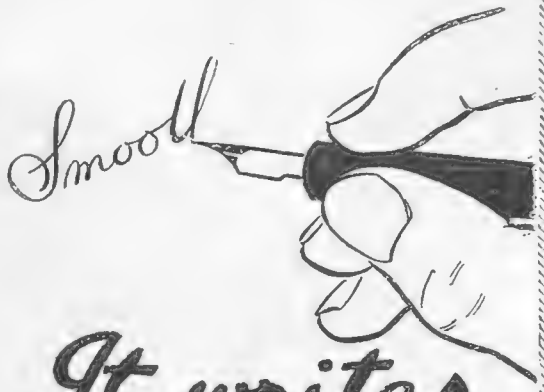

It writes smoothly

When you write with Field's Blue-Black Ink your pen glides smoothly over the paper. There are no mud lumps in your ink-pot to foul the pen-nib, no digging into the paper, followed by a splutter of tiny ink spots.

A digging and spluttering pen is due to a corroded pen-nib. *Field's Blue-Black Ink does not corrode pen-nibs.* You can let Field's Ink dry on your pen-nib. It will neither eat it away and leave a jagged point nor make it hard and "scratchy."

Use Field's Blue-Black Ink and test for yourself how long a new pen-nib will continue to write smoothly and evenly.

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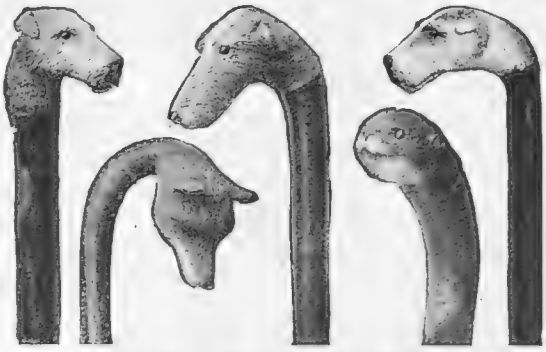
Manufactured by the CARIBONUM COMPANY, LTD., Leyton, London, E.10.

Makers of Caribonum Carbon Papers and Typewriter Ribbons.

PRINCESS BEATRICE AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

Her Royal Highness is here seen inspecting some of the toys at the Childhood Exhibition and Toy Fair for Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies held last week

Charming and Useful Christmas Gifts.



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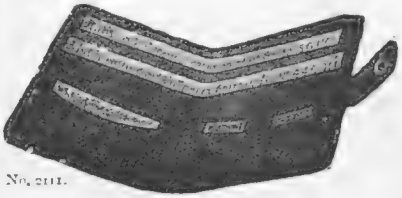
No. 370. **Hazel or Cane Walking Sticks**, carved heads coloured true to life. Airedale, Fox Terrier, Bull-dog, Fox, Otter, Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Monkey, or other subjects .. .. Price **£2 10 0**

No. 3110. **Lady's Umbrella**, Hazel-wood stick, with handle carved head coloured true to life. Fox Terrier, Bull-dog, Airedale, Fox, Otter, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Monkey, or other subjects. Best hand-woven Silk. Fox's frame .. .. Price **£5 5 0**



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No. 2111.—Treasury Note Case, very soft and flat, in pigskin, lined silk **£0 15 0**

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Packing and Postage Inland 1/-, abroad 1/6 extra. Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

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By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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LANDOWNERS should make greater use of WIRE NETTING.

Its durability and general utility on the land make it a profitable investment. It puts a stop to the ravages of pests, keeps poultry within bounds, acts as an effective barrier between rabbits and the crops, and keeps the sheep within fold.

All good farmers and poultry raisers should keep on hand a stock of

"ORB" Brand WIRE NETTING

manufactured by

John Lysaght, Limited,

which is made to meet all requirements in a variety of meshes from ½ to 4 inch, in varying strengths and in widths up to 10 feet.

The "ORB" brand is straight and flat, perfectly free from troublesome and unsightly distortions and can be fixed with the greatest ease. The meshes are all uniform in shape and the netting gives complete satisfaction.

Supplied in rolls of 50 yards.

Obtainable through any Ironmonger.

Harrods Big Values in Little Gifts

Here's a little selection of modestly-priced Gift Ideas which can be ordered conveniently by post with the utmost assurance of their sound quality and value.

Any of these will be posted direct to your friends if the addresses be given and your messages will be enclosed.

Stockings

ITALIAN SILK HOSE (L.H. 58a). American manufacture, strengthened at toes and heels with double splicing. Will not ladder. In black or white. **27/6**

SCOTCH WOOL HOSE (L.H. 112). Good medium texture. In coating, brown, nigger, also in heather mixtures of brown and white, black and white, and lovat **9/6**

BALBRIGGAN CASHMERE HOSE (L.H. 139). Plain. Spliced at feet. **9/6, 8/11** and **6/11**

SILK HOSE (L.H. 57). Good medium weight, American manufacture; with open clocks at side. Double feet spliced with lisle thread and double suspender tops with a reinforcement of lisle thread. In black or white **27/6**

PURE SILK HOSE (L.H. 128). Medium texture, American manufacture, with "stop-ladder line." Suspender tops and feet lined with lisle thread. In black.. **20/-**

BRUSHED WOOL HOSE (L.H.120). Ribbed, heavy weight, Scotch manufacture. Suitable for sports or country wear. Light saxe, lovat, light navy, clerical grey mixtures, nigger, fawn, natural, also tan and white mixtures ... **15/6**

PURE SILK HOSE (L.H. 62). Strong American make. Soles and suspender tops lined with lisle thread. "Pointex" heels. In black ... **22/6**

PURE SILK HOSE (L.H. 137). English make, with lisle thread feet and tops. In dainty evening shades, including purple, heliotrope, saxe, yellow or old rose **15/6**

Handkerchiefs

For Ladies

IRISH LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS hand-embroidered in one corner. Six in fancy box **3/11**

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS. Fine Lawn, hemstitched narrow hems. Size 12 inches. Per dozen **6/11**

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MEN'S CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, hemstitched 1-in. hems. Size 18 inches square. Per dozen **9/11**

INITIAL CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, hemstitched 1-in. hems. Size 18 inches square. Per dozen **12/6**

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CHILDREN'S "FARMYARD" HANDKERCHIEFS. White, with animal designs in coloured embroidery in one corner Six in box ... **3/3**

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KNITTED VIYELLA GLOVES (L.G.6), in grey, beaver or heather shades **3/9**

SOFT ANTELOPE GLOVES (L.G. 110). Two-button. Perfect fitting. In beaver, slate or black.. ... **15/9**

GAUNTLETS (L.G. 204), of heavy reindeer fabric. Strap wrist. In white, pongee, mastic, tan or grey ... **9/11**

SOFT ANTELOPE GAUNTLETS, (L.G.402). Elastic wrists. Lined with fine silk. **22/-**

WASHABLE DOESKIN GLOVES (L.G. 203), best quality. Elastic wrists. In white... ... ... **14/9**

FINE FRENCH KID GLOVES (L.G. 176). Three-button. In white, perfect fitting **8/11**

Everything for Everyone for Xmas!

Harrods

Nowhere else in all this land are you offered such a remarkably wide choice, and nowhere a more consistently high Quality.

BOOK OF GIFTS FREE!

'GRACIA'

Charming Blouse in Crepe Mignon with cross stitching in black and white silk. In champagne, primrose, pink, saxe, rose and various other shades.

33/9

'JENA'

Attractive Over-Blouse. In Crepe Mignon. Embroidered oxydised thread and coloured silks. In artistic shades of rose, cherry, grey, rust, kingfisher blue, or light saxe. Charming for wear with tailored suits.

39/6

CHARMING HEAD-DRESS (A.F. 918). Of gold and silver tinsel leaves and small silk roses. Available in pink, pale blue, vieux rose, and nattier.

15/11

WAIST GARNITURE (A.F. 942). Pretty design of silk roses and tassels of tinsel.

35/9

'PANSY'

Dainty Blouse in fine washing Crepe. Soft revers and cuffs edged with fine Valenciennes Lace and exquisite motifs. In white, sky, pink, heliotrope, champagne, or lemon. Sizes, 13½, 14, 14½.

37/6

Outsize 2/- extra.

'PEGGY'

A lovely model in excellent quality cream net. Attractive soft collar and revers, edged with effective lace. Fully cut and beautifully finished.

25/9

EFFECTIVE HEAD-DRESS (A.F. 914) shown on left. Filet of mixed futurist flowers and berries, mounted on gold, or oxydised tissue.

3 Gns

SHOULDER SPRAY (A.F. 941) shown on left. Elegant design in Velvet poppies and grapes.

27/6

HARRODS TOY FAIR NOW OPEN!

Nearly 40,000 square feet of floor space and the finest Display of BRITISH Toys in the Kingdom! Bring the Kiddies to have the time of their lives!

Harrods send any of these Post Paid to any address in Britain.

HARRODS LTD SW1 HARRODS LTD BROMPTON ROAD LONDON SW1

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH" By Will Benner

He: "What did the tobacconist say when you bought these cigars?"
She: "He said you'd never get better!"

TRIOLETS of TOBACCO

BY E. L. ROBERTS

Some smoke expensive cigarettes,
Others prefer the homely "gasper."
Lavishly, feeling no regrets,
Some smoke expensive cigarettes.
Lucinda dotes on "Scented Pets,"
Puffed through a tube of gold and jaspar.
Some smoke expensive cigarettes,
Others prefer the homely "gasper."

A briar is an aid to thought,
A friend in need, sometimes a fixture.
When missing ways and means are sought
A briar is an aid to thought.
Marvellous miracles are wrought
By those who know "the perfect Mixture"!
A briar is an aid to thought,
A friend in need, sometimes a fixture.

A Trichinopoly cheroot
Does not appeal to every taste.
Regarded as forbidden fruit,
A Trichinopoly cheroot
To some appears a perfect brute,
And in the gutter runs to waste.
A Trichinopoly cheroot
Does not appeal to every taste.

Man may be judged by his cigar—
Smoking it is a solemn rite
Nothing should be allowed to mar. . .
Man may be judged by his cigar:
Coronas for the risen star,
"Cabbagos" for the lesser light!
Man may be judged by his cigar;
Smoking it is a solemn rite.

Tea-leaves few critics recommend,
Though smoked by rash and untamed Youth—
They have a somewhat sickly trend—
Tea-leaves few critics recommend!
Brown paper is another blend
The practised palate finds uncouth.
Tea-leaves few critics recommend,
Though smoked by rash and untamed Youth.

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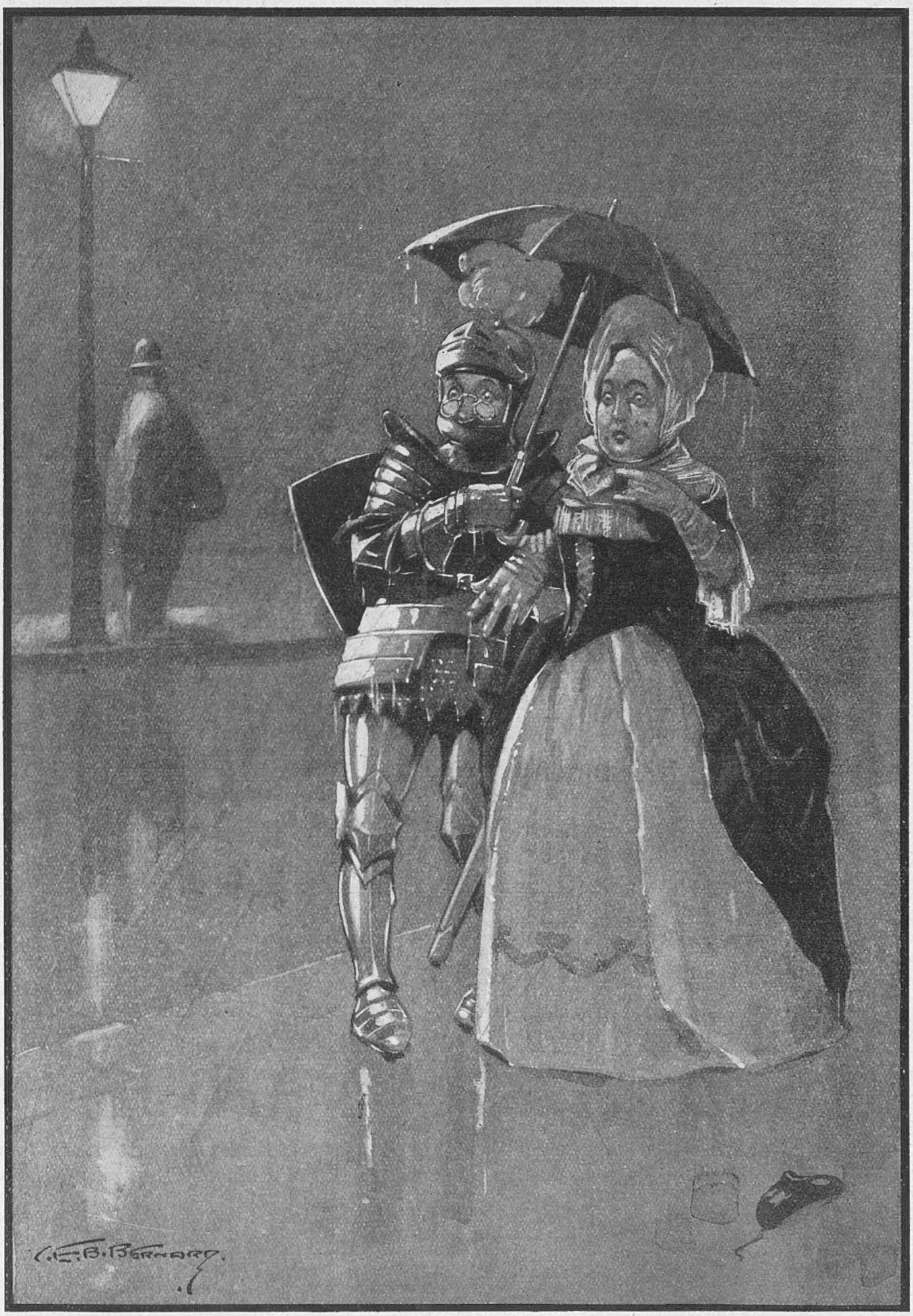
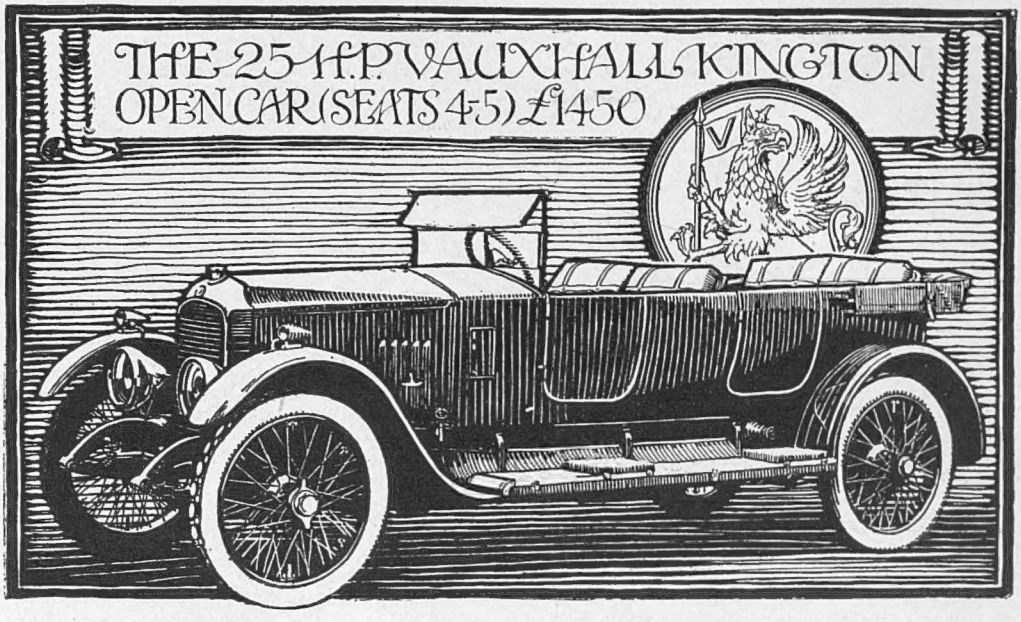
"After the Ball was Over"



BY C. E. B. BERNARD

Their taxi having failed to arrive, the Joneses are faced with the prospect of a five-mile tramp home!

OF powerful 4-cylindered cars the leader in refinement and modernity, says Mr. S. F. Edge in the "Auto," November 4, 1920, is the Vauxhall



FOR appearance, finish and comfortableness the 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington car (illustrated above) is hard to beat. The body is constructed with unusual care and accuracy. It is produced in numbers sufficient to enable exceptionally good value to be given. The upholstery and the aluminium instrument board are particularly handsome. Among other distinctive features are the lift-up seat backs with considerable stowage room behind, and the ingeniously-designed tool-box in the running-board.

THREE YEARS' CHASSIS GUARANTEE AND FREE INSPECTION SERVICE

Closed Cars	The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Salisbury limousine - - - - -	£1,750	The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Sutherland cabriolet - - - - - -	£1,750
	The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Warwick landaulette - - - - -	£1,750	The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Arundel cabriolet, V-Front - - -	£1,725
Sporting Type	The 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox open car—the fastest car of standard production—Seats 4 - - - - - - - - - - -			£1,675

For full particulars and delivery dates apply to

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Sole Wholesale and Retail Agents in London, Middlesex, Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Bucks and Berks (part) for Vauxhall Cars

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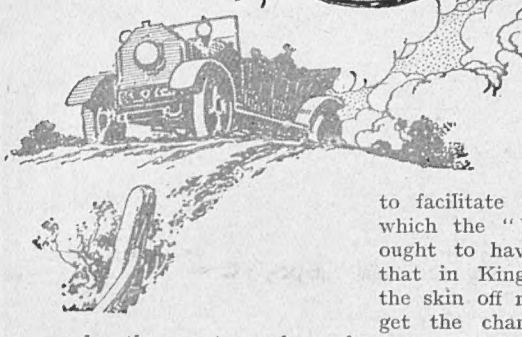
Motoring & Aviation



JUDGING by the great number of different makes of foreign cars that were to be seen at the recent motor exhibition, you would not think that Great Britain ever built such a thing. Of course, we do make cars in this country, as you can see them in the windows of the motor shops round about Long Acre, Bond Street, Great Portland Street, and Piccadilly neighbourhood. Also tyres, but still we have a fancy to give our neighbours a helping hand, as we've so much cash to spend just at present. I don't think, do you? As for tyres, France sent us 18,340 tyres, worth £88,895, and 34,530 tubes, worth £21,514, besides 998 solid tyres of the value of £4,990 in the month of August. Canada, of course, is English as much as we are, but as I am dealing in figures I cannot leave her out, as she sent us 16,955 motor-car tyres, worth £106,182, and 7,447 inner tubes, worth £6,550. As for the U.S.A., they hopped in on our market to the tune of 39,945 car tyres, worth £209,107, and 39,071 inner tubes, worth £29,343, besides 1,314 solid tyres, valued at £8,294. Altogether, England took £470,786 worth of car tyres from various foreign parts in that month.

* * *

OUR friends in blue are very active just now on the number plate lettering and figures, and a fine was imposed by the Kingston magistrates on evidence that the letters on the identification plate were one-eighth of an inch shorter than the height prescribed. But, mark you, the two zealous police officers, who, I am sure, will get "stripes" for their good work, measured the plates in question with an old folding rule and an old penny ruler. This so flabbergasted the defendant that, after being duly mulcted, he offered to present them with a steel rule carefully graduated with minute measurements in order to facilitate their work, an offer which the "beaks" accepted. He ought to have known, poor chap, that in Kingston they would take the skin off motorists if they could get the chance. Feltham's great "unpaid" in another case convicted a driver because the letters on his plate were a quarter of an inch higher than the regulations prescribed.

* * *

WHAT do you think of that? When the regulations state that the letters, etc., "must not be less than, etc., etc.," it was a pity that it was not a member or associate member of the R.A.C. who was the defendant, as it strikes me that this is 'agin' the law, and I know the Club would have taken it up to a higher Court for decision if they had been concerned with the case. Anyway, my advice is go to them at once if it happens to you, as this last episode in the motor drama of to-day has just got their dander up, and fight they will for the good cause of freedom.

* * *

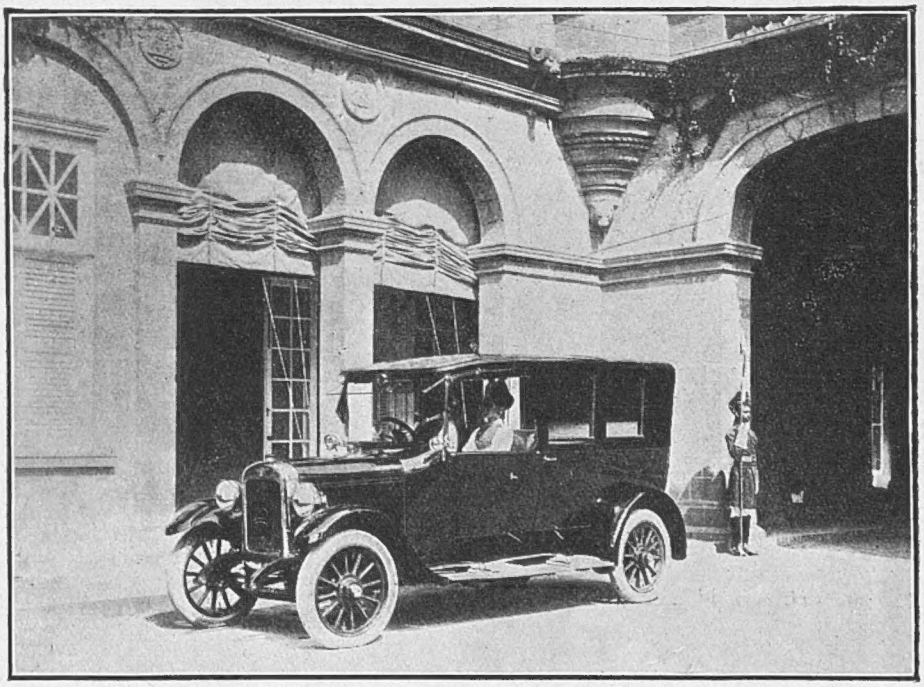
BUT what with the Bucks police spending the county's cash in enforcing the five miles per hour speed-limit through Fenny Stratford on the London to Holyhead road, and then trying to get it back from us poor motor-drivers, and new limits being asked for in all sorts of other fresh spots, I am going to become a cave-dweller, and bore tunnels to drive in or drive tunnels to get bored in, whichever is the correct card, mining magnates and coal-hewers permitting.

* * *

WHY, super-man Eric had enough of it the other day, and sent one of his tame inspectors, who, I expect, had been thrust upon him by some other department—I sympathise with you, dear sir—and chided the local Council gently, protesting that the Ministry of Transport were going to issue special warning signs designed for erection at such places—a cross-road spot in this case, I believe—and the Gogs and Magogs actually condescended that the limit-speed signs should be replaced by these as soon as they were ready. But what are these signs saying, is the song of the road folk who use cars. Perhaps they bear the legend, "Beware of the trains."

* * *

IF all one hears is true, *anno Domini* 1920 will be the last year of freedom for the motoring community. For the future they will be kept filling up forms, so that there will be little time left to use the roads at all. On or before January 1—and I strongly urge my



OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, POONA

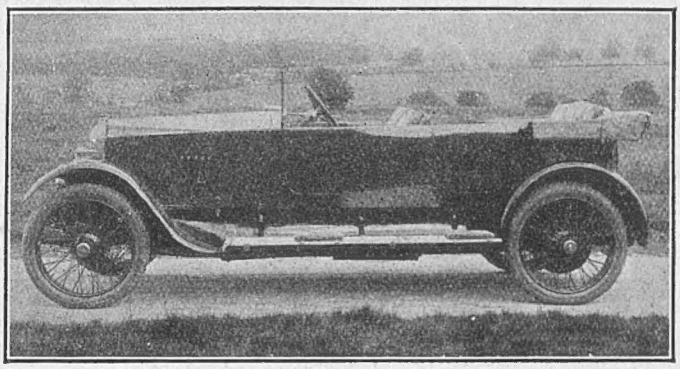
An Austin "Twenty," one of the two cars of this make on the permanent establishment of the Governor of Bombay

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

motoring readers to let it be before—the car-owner must obtain from a post office or from the registration authority of the area where he lives an application form to register his car. Fortunately, asking for this form will be taken as asking for the licence as well, and so the owner had better state on the first form whether he wants a yearly or quarterly licence to own a car, the latter entailing an additional cost of about 30 per cent. above the single annual payment. Also, dear motorists, you will have to send the cash with the form at the rate of £1 per horse-power R.A.C. rating of the car you want to own or do possess. Decimal points count as full "Fishers," so that 11.6 h.p. has to pay £12 and 39.7 h.p. cashes up £40. Possibly you then think you have done your duty to your country after it has done you. But that is only the preliminary canter; there is much more to follow.

* * *

WHEN you return the form you got from the post office—if it has anything which is doubtful—the registration authority, in due course and after some deliberation, will post to you a registration book, mark you! and a licence card. And then the fun begins. The registration book is supposed to contain the car's *dossier*, its life history, in fact, who built it and when and where, who sold it, to whom, and any little distinguishing characteristic of the car itself. Some of these books should prove interesting reading in years to come if owners put the character of the car into plain words as well as the colour of its paint. This registration book will be stamped each year, or each quarter, as the case may be, so as to show that the £1 per horse-power has been paid for that period. But as the wise car-owner will keep this book in a safe place, carefully hidden away, it is ten to one it will not be found when the police come to inspect it, if they ever do come, which is a toss-up.



A 25 h.p. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CAR
A 4-5 seater open touring car, such as was shown by this firm at Olympia during the recent Motor Show

* * *

AT the same time, it is not safe to leave it about, as practically who has this book really owns the car. What is the licence card for? I can hear you all say, if you have this registration book. Well, dear friends, as far as I can guess what is at the back of the heads of the Transport Ministry is, this pink licence card is about to take the place of the usual number plates in time.

* * *

THIS card has to be carried in a prominent place on the car so that he who runs may read it—and some of them will have to hop along pretty briskly, too, if I am a judge. The licence card is valid only for the period during which the licence to own a car has been paid for, and as it will have to be fixed either on the windscreen or on the near-side of the panels level with the screen, any lounger on the highway will be able to inspect it every time you halt or leave your car outside in the road. It's your ticket-of-leave, and don't forget it, and so freedom is gone and you all stand for it. 'Cos why? OLD HY.

Humber

At the Cycle Show

Stand 86

PIONEERS in the manufacture of cycles, Humber Ltd. can justly claim pre-eminence to-day. The models staged at Olympia maintain the Humber reputation for elegance, strength, reliability and long service. Motor cyclists will be specially interested in the famous 4½ h.p. Flat Twin Motor Cycle which has recently won such outstanding successes.

Motor Cycles.

Solo-Touring Model—Standard.
Solo Model, T.T. Style, with dropped bar and footrests.
Solo Machines—All-Black.
Combination Model.
Combination Model De Luxe.

Cycles.

Lady's and Gent's **Beeston**
„ and „ **Standard**
„ and „ **Popular**
„ and „ **Olympia**
Light Roadster—Racing Model
Juvenile—(Boy's and Girl's).

HUMBER LIMITED, Coventry.
London: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Centaur CYCLES

NOT AT OLYMPIA!

—But you are invited to a special display of a complete range of CENTAUR CYCLES at 21, Holborn Viaduct, London, during Show Week, November 29 to December 4.

Inspect these fine models at your leisure. They illustrate cycle construction at its best. From the graceful design and artistic finish of the "Royal" to the sturdy and reliable "Empire" models there are arresting features in all. The display includes also models for Boys and Girls, a Light Roadster and a Racing Model. All are worth seeing as embodying the very latest improvements, and are designed to give complete satisfaction and long service.

Call if possible, if not, write for our fully-illustrated catalogue, from which to select :: :: your new mount :: ::

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